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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1911.

The Week

All the talk about the forthcoming report of the Tariff Board, and the lowering of duties which the President will recommend on the strength of it, serves to point one moral. This is the misfortune and political mistake of Mr. Taft's tariff vetoes, particularly of the wool bill. He may now have to urge a measure very nearly the same as the one he disapproved. Such a step would be awkward in itself, and would be doubly embarrassing from the fact of the small likelihood that Congress can be got to do now what it had already done last summer. That was the great risk which the President ran. In seeking to avoid the possibility that a slight injustice might be done in seeking to relieve the tax-burdens of the public, he made it highly probable that a gross injustice would long be continued. As was pointed out at the time, the President would have been on much stronger ground if he had signed the wool bill and then prepared to make an urgent plea for its correction, if needed in some details, on the strength of the sifted facts gathered by the Tariff Board. But he preferred to take chances, and, as is now apparent, took them on the side of tariff favoritism.

We require no subsidies. These could not be fairly distributed any more than other special favors. All that is needed is to give American enterprise a fair chance by changing our antiquated navigation laws, which have driven our commerce from the seas.

In these words Gov. Harmon has just reiterated the historic plea of Grover Cleveland, whose Attorney-General he was. This sound position cannot be controverted. Subsidies are nothing more or less than governmental graft to the favored few—taxing all the people that a comparative handful of persons may profit thereby; that an industry may be artificially stimulated, often for sentimental reasons. Our fleets have disappeared from the seas because we have crippled and throttled American enterprise, as Gov. Harmon points out. Grover Cleveland's words were: "The ancient provision of our law denying American registry to ships built abroad and owned by Americans, appears, in the light of present conditions, not only to be a failure for good at every point, but to be nearer a relic of barbarism than anything that exists under the permission of a statute of the United States." But year after year the Republicans have refused to alter this law—it has not even interested Mr. Taft.

What the Philippines have cost the United States has been a much-mooted question. When Gen. Wood, the Chief of Staff, was testifying before the House Committee on Military Affairs last spring as to the military cost of the occupation, he dodged the issue on the ground that it was difficult to furnish the required statement because of the accounting methods of the War Department. The bureau chiefs were then directed to show the cost on the assumption that if the army had not been in the Philippines, an equal number of American troops would have been maintained in the United States proper. According to press dispatches, the computation is now complete, and the cost of our military occupation since December 8, 1898, the date of the signing of the peace treaty with Spain, has reached the enormous figure of $167,486,403. This is the price we have paid for Mr. McKinley's fearful error of judgment in taking over the islands—to say nothing of the waste of American and Filipino lives. What sensible man will dare to assert that, putting it on the lowest ground, this country has obtained $167,486,403 worth of advantage out of our subjugation of the islands?

The recent report of the Commissioner of Pensions brings out the startling fact that within thirteen years of the close of the war with Spain, and eleven after the subsidence of the Philippine insurrection, there are no less than 23,383 invalid soldiers of these wars on the pension rolls, in addition to 3,032 dependent mothers, 522 fathers, 9 brothers and sisters, 1,217 widows, and 327 children. In all, there are 28,490 pensioners as a result of these wars—actually a larger number than there were soldiers in the regular army at the outbreak of the war with Spain, and probably 10,000 more than there were troops before Santiago. In addition, there were 8,386 Spanish war claims pending on June 30, 1911. Already we have paid out $34,142,976.37 in pensions for services against the Spanish and Filipinos, as against a total of $45,853,024.19 paid for pensions to the warriors of 1812, and $45,279,686.83 expended in the support of veterans of the Mexican war during a period of sixty-five years. To-day there are still 1,639 pensioned survivors of the Mexican War. As there were perhaps ten times as many soldiers enlisted in 1898-1900 as during the war with Mexico, and they were mostly very young men, we may confidently look forward to paying pensions to at least 15,000 persons fifty-two years hence for services in Cuba and the Philippines. And then people wonder why the United States must tax them so heavily, directly and indirectly.

The spectacle of Gov. Blease violating his oath of office and counselling the sheriffs of his State to violate theirs, has produced a profound impression throughout South Carolina. Men who have hitherto passed over a lynching with the comment that it removed a worthless person, have come to see what such unchecked barbarism leads to. The ministers have spoken out with vigor, only to be vilified in return by the Governor. Best of all, the influential press has roused itself to a vigorous campaign against lawlessness. First and foremost is the Columbia, S. C., *State*, the candor and vigor of whose utterances put most of the Northern press in a poor light by comparison. It has been particularly indignant over the acquittal of a white man who killed a negro "by mistake" while lying in wait for a white offender against his home. Undeterred by Gov. Blease's threats, it has spoken its mind freely about him and the Honea Path lynching of which he approved. In two towns, Union and Dillon, citizens' meetings have been called to repress lawlessness. And in the face of all this the Governor of the State glorifies the lynchers and promises them a pardon in advance!

How deeply the spirit of defiance of authority has seized upon Pennsylvania

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is shown by the refusal of the Catlin Committee to give up its Philadelphia investigation at Senator Penrose's request. Just why the Senator wants to halt his promised housecleaning is not wholly clear. He argues that the election of Blankenburg makes it unnecessary, and that, in addition, "the well" from which funds were obtained to carry on the work is now dry. But Senator Catlin seems to feel that an attempt has been made to use the commission as a political tool, the taxpayers' committee declares that it has important evidence to present, and, as for the money needed, the committee offers to pay its own expenses. Attorney-General Bell, however, adds his dissent to those of the man whom he still evidently regards as his real chief—Senator Penrose. The committee, nevertheless, is issuing subpœnas for councilmen and prominent corporation officers as if it really had been created to accomplish something more than the temporary awing of Penrose's political foes.

The one man tentatively accepted for the McNamara jury, on Wednesday of last week, is described as a farmer of English birth who expressed great respect for institutions and laws. His examination was of the briefest. Whether he is later to be dismissed by a peremptory challenge or not, the incident is the bright spot in the case. One can imagine the relief with which judge, counsel, prisoner, court officers, and spectators alike must have heard his avowal. Scores of talesmen have professed admiration for labor unions or capitalistic enterprise, or doubt concerning the desirability of the death penalty or circumstantial evidence, but it has been left for an English-born farmer to confess esteem for the whole system of law under which capital and labor exist.

The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* declares that football injuries this season "have been more serious than in any other year since the rules were revised; this statement applies not only to Cambridge, but also to New Haven and other places where football is played." There is, it insists, no satisfactory explanation for the increase in the hospital list. "It may be merely luck." But the ill-luck was very plain in the Princeton game, where the Harvard team was literally smashed up. Its best player, probably the best tackle in the country, had his arm broken near the shoulder. Two quarterbacks were disabled, one by a kick in the head which temporarily deranged him. As another quarterback had previously had his leg broken, the fourth quarterback in order of merit finished the game. Naturally, people ask what kind of game this is in which physical injuries in one contest can wreck a team's chances. The Harvard eleven has not played together since the Princeton game two weeks ago. All of this recalls President Eliot's parting fling at the game, as he sailed for Europe, that it is "worse than pugilism." At West Point there is a growing belief that the game injures seriously too many valuable men. Among the spectators there is a very common feeling that the matches are less interesting than ever, despite the forward pass and the increased kicking.

Yale has proved that indifference to the higher intellectual values can no longer be charged against the American undergraduate. When college men riot in the theatre, it means that the drama among us has ceased to be mere entertainment, and has become a part of life. At one stroke, Yale has undone the mischief built up by generations of tired business men, and given notice to the world that the playgoer will no longer meekly accept what the managers have decided is good for him. Like the first night of "Hernani," Saturday night in New Haven marked an epoch. The extraordinary popular appeal exercised by the theatre was never completely demonstrated until two lines of fire hose had to be trained upon an audience to persuade it to go home after the final curtain.

A writer in the *Southern Workman* reports that the total number of reindeer in Arctic Alaska is now nearly 23,000, a remarkable showing when one remembers how short a time has elapsed since the Government established the first herds in that territory. Not only is the reindeer of enormous value for transportation purposes—the superintendent of the service travelled last winter more than 2,500 miles with a reindeer sled over the frozen tundra and ice-bound rivers of the lower Bering Sea region—but the natives are beginning to obtain a handsome revenue from traffic in reindeer products. This amounted to more than $18,000 for the last fiscal year, a figure which does not, of course, include the value of the skins used for clothing or the meat used as food. The reindeer are distributed among twenty-eight stations, eighteen owned by the Government and ten by church missions, and the Government's herders are compelled to serve as apprentices for five years before they can qualify to take care of the herds or to set up for themselves. The Government does not sell any of its animals, but loans one hundred at a time for the same period of five years, when the one hundred must be returned and the mission or native borrower keeps the surplus.

The arrest of Gen. Bernardo Reyes on the charge of conspiring against the Madero Government will work both for and against the maintenance of peace in Mexico. To the extent that it advertises to the world the existence of serious danger on the northern frontier of the republic, the action of our Government will be seized upon with satisfaction by the enemies of Madero. On the other hand, the enforced removal of Reyes from the scene of possible conflict should go far toward giving a quietus to the insurrectionary movement in the north. To attempt a parallel between the rôle Reyes has endeavored to play and the rôle Madero played not very long ago, is ridiculous. Madero's uprising was unmistakably a national movement against a system that had been on trial for almost fifty years and had been found wanting. The new régime has manifestly had no opportunity to show what it can do, and any uprising against it must be regarded as factious. For a "man on horseback" and the supposed idol of the masses, Gen. Reyes has cut an extremely sorry figure throughout the disturbed conditions of the last two years. Looked upon at one time as the man to make headway against Diaz, he showed neither courage nor resolution, and as a result, as events proved, missed a great prize. When another man had demonstrated that the nation was tired of Diaz and stood designated as his successor, Gen. Reyes returned from Europe to lead the opposition. And now that peaceful means have failed, this man, who was once regarded as the "moderate"

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man whom Mexico needed, does not hesitate to plot insurrection and civil war.

From Washington it is reported that the arrival of a new Russian Ambassador at the capital will be followed by the active resumption of negotiations concerning the treaty of 1832 between the two countries, with special reference to the passport question. Russia's discrimination against American citizens of the Jewish faith has long ceased to be a matter that affects the interests of only one section of our population. From President Taft down, it has been generally recognized that the refusal of the Czar's Government to honor an American passport in the hands of a Jewish-born American citizen bears directly against the dignity and prestige of our Government and against the spirit of our treaty relations. For years the State Department has been engaged in *pourparlers* with the Russian authorities without any visible result. Hence it is to be hoped that the reported renewal of negotiations will show something less of the professional diplomat's concern for conventionalities and more of an earnest desire to bring the matter to an issue. The State Department's regard for Russian susceptibilities would be justified only by evidence of a desire on the part of the Russian Government to deal manfully with the problem.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on the succession of Mr. Bonar Law to the leadership of the Conservative party by a speech which he made at a party gathering in York, only two days before Mr. Balfour's sudden announcement of his own retirement. Mr. Law's speech was a striking personal tribute to the distinguished leader against whom so much criticism and complaint had recently been directed, and a reminder of the remarkable qualities which Mr. Balfour has exhibited during a long and difficult political career. Attention was called to his double achievement as Secretary for Ireland, which certainly deserves Mr. Law's encomium:

> With a courage which never faltered, with a steadiness which never flagged, he put down anarchy and asserted the supremacy of the law. But that was not all. Even then, when he carried his life in his hands, he had the sagacity to see that force, as John Bright said, is no remedy, and he had the statesmanship to begin that course of improvement in her social conditions which has made a new Ireland.

But, far from permitting this to have the character of an apology for defects in Mr. Balfour's later record, Mr. Law protested that his admiration of the strength and courage of his leader was never so great as "in the hour when his fortunes and those of his party were at their lowest ebb." Whether or not Mr. Law had any inkling of the coming withdrawal of Mr. Balfour, this ardent expression of admiration and loyalty indicates that his succession to the leadership was calculated to promote good feeling among those by whom the murmurings against Mr. Balfour were most resented.

Britain's comic excitement at realizing how near she was to war with Germany two months ago is another illustration of how people will awaken with a tremendous shock to something they have known all the time. It is like Wall Street's habit of getting panic-stricken over a court decision that has been anticipated by every one in Wall Street. Several British M.P.'s have been discussing the momentous fact that last September the Admiralty was awaiting an attack by the German fleet, and that it was quite unprepared for such an attack. Of this revelation the really interesting part, relating to England's unpreparedness, is generally declared to be quite untrue. So there remains the startling disclosure that the British Admiralty took into consideration the possibility of a conflict with Germany. But inasmuch as the Admiralty's business is precisely to give its attention to such a possibility, this latest bit of news is almost as astonishing as if we were told that the French General Staff had all its plans worked out for an offensive or defensive campaign against Germany. When the British Government delegated Mr. Lloyd George to address a solemn warning to Germany, it is reasonable to suppose that the heavy guns on the Dreadnoughts were not dismantled and that the crews were not all sent away on shore leave.

Scarcely had France's differences with Germany about Morocco been put in the way of final settlement when the French press began a campaign against Spain in reference to the same subject. The alleged Spanish "pretensions" to Larache have been angrily commented upon, and are said to have really caused the whole trouble. This is rather coolly and absurdly to ignore the evidence that what suddenly roused Germany to activity was the march of French troops to Fez. Irrespectively of that, it can hardly be denied that Spain has good warrant under the Algeciras agreement for all that she has thus far done or attempted in Morocco. What the French newspapers apparently fear is that the Spanish Government is entering into negotiations with Germany for the alienation of Spain's territorial holdings in Africa. This has been specifically denied by Prime Minister Canalejas. All this will tend to confirm the opinion that another international conference on Morocco will be necessary.

Within a short time Parliamentary government in Germany has made two important strides toward what can no longer be described as a far-off event—the acceptance of the responsibility of the Emperor's Ministers to the Reichstag. As a result of the widespread indignation aroused by the Kaiser's famous "calculated indiscretion" of two years ago, the principle has been conceded that henceforth the Emperor, in pronouncing on grave matters of public policy, must speak only through the mouth of his Chancellor. Recently the Imperial Government expressed its adhesion to a bill brought forward in the Reichstag, providing that treaties involving a change in the boundaries of a German colony must receive the assent of the Reichstag and the Bundesrath. The late agreement with France concerning Morocco and the Congo is excepted specifically on the *ex post facto* principle. It is not quite correct to speak of the new statute as involving a curtailment of the Kaiser's power. The Imperial Constitution declares that the consent of the Reichstag is necessary in the case of treaties involving alterations in the territory of the Empire. To have argued that a colony was not a part of the Empire would have been a quibble. Furthermore, the German Constitution provides that treaties dependent for their execution upon measures within the competency of the Reichstag must receive the assent of that body. That the Government could take over 150,000 square miles of territory without going to the Reichstag for appropriations to cover the cost of administration seems most irregular.

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CONSERVATIVE RADICALS.

In the midst of all the alarums and excursions connected with Government suits and with the outgivings of Mr. Roosevelt, one notes a certain embarrassment on the point of those who insist upon having all public men accurately labelled and carefully pigeon-holed. A is "dangerous," B is "safe," C is a radical, D a conservative, E is an anarchist. This sort of ready-made and hard-and-fast classification has been so high in favor that it is not surprising to find some confusion among those who are suddenly obliged to give up their conveniently fixed definitions. They had, for example, rightly set down President Taft as a conservative. He is such by inheritance, temperament, and choice. Yet he has been doing what most people look upon as very radical things. On the other hand, Wall Street woke up on Friday to the discovery that the alarmingly radical Col. Roosevelt had turned conservative over-night. That at least was the first hurried inference which the stock market drew when it saw him standing arm in arm with Mr. Morgan or snugly ensconced in bed alongside Judge Gary. We fancy that further study of the *Outlook* article has shown interested financiers that advancing years are not as yet making a crusted Tory of the Colonel. But the whole incident suggests the need of more discrimination in all such judgments of men and their attitude.

In the purely personal aspect, it seems to be easier for a conservative to get the reputation of a radical than the reverse process. It is probably true that nothing which Mr. Roosevelt could now do or say would suffice to change the popular conviction respecting his essential radicalism. His wonderful feat of 1904 in driving Wall Street and the Western extremists tandem, it is not to be presumed that he could repeat. On the other hand, thousands of people are ready to believe that Mr. Taft has in the Presidency completely changed his character. The Government prosecutions which he has ordered, the speeches which he has made, are said to have disillusioned many. They sorrowfully shake their heads and say: "Of course, if it had been Roosevelt! But we never could have dreamed it of Taft." That is, however, no real reason for thinking that the President has changed his point of view in any important particular. At bottom, he is just as conservative as he ever was. He has merely ceased to appear so to some, and they hastily read realities in appearances.

On the political side, it is doubtless easier to get radical things done quietly by a conservative, but let him not hope to reap the advantage from it that would fall to a successful radical. The former may awaken a certain amount of enthusiasm among the lukewarm, but this will not be so noteworthy or so politically important as the disquietude which he will cause his grieving friends. The great difference lies in the fact that a conservative President cannot advertise and glory in his temporary radicalism. He cannot use the hot words of popular passion; cannot pose and gesticulate in public; cannot inspire the newspaper correspondents to write thrilling accounts of his heroic attitude in private; cannot give out lurid stories of gigantic conspiracies to crush the people's champion. All those things have to be reserved for a radical leader who feels the impulse of the masses behind him, and who thinks of himself as at the head of a flaming movement. The conservative may do the same things, or similar, but he cannot carry them off in the same explosive manner, and must not expect to fire the popular heart in any such degree. Lord Salisbury, as Conservative leader, permitted an extension of the suffrage in England, and also land legislation in Ireland, which made many members of his own party aghast at his radicalism, yet he never deceived himself into thinking that his course would cause the working classes to warm to him or to desire to give him their votes.

Turning from leaders to political organizations, it surely does seem at times as if the best way to procure radical measures were to obtain them from conservative parties. It is this feeling which has led so many Irishmen, like Sir Charles Russell, to say that Home Rule will really be given to Ireland in the end by the Tories who have fought it, rather than by the Liberals who have favored it. Under Liberal auspices Home Rule will always be pictured as the disruption of the British Empire; but if the Conservatives were finally forced to grant it, they could be depended upon to argue that it was a healing measure designed to consolidate and strengthen true Imperial sentiment. In the same way, there are still free-traders among Republicans who insist that it is to their party that the country must look for a rational and permanent settlement of the tariff question. This may look like believing a thing because it is impossible, yet there is a truth underlying it—namely, that a nation will submit to radical action by a conservative Administration, which it would angrily resist if undertaken by radical authorities. It often appears as if the true function of a radical party were to stir up mighty agitations and generate political forces that would lead to the doing by its opponents of what it had itself vainly striven to do.

The principle of human nature involved in classifying and judging men as either entirely conservative or wholly radical, was hinted at by Pascal. When a statement by M. Arnauld was quoted to his Monsieur Distinguo, that astute theologian replied: "This proposition would be orthodox in another mouth; it is only in M. Arnauld that the Sorbonne has condemned it." Thus it is that what was radical in Bryan became conservative in "another mouth."

GENERAL LAWS.

It is evident that a deluge of bills amending or repealing the Sherman law will mark the opening of Congress. Any Congressman who does not introduce one or two will be thought a lazy fellow. Indeed, some Representatives have not been able to restrain their impatience to get to work and have given to the newspapers copies of the bills which they are straining at the leash to present on December 4. There will be all sorts of measures, radical, conservative, and wishy-washy; but we are very confident that, after all of them have been printed and referred to committees, not one will be found to be the equal of the Sherman law in one vital particular. We mean its wide scope and careful use of legal terms. Senator Edmunds, who was the author of the final form of the Anti-Trust act, wrote of it only last year: "The act was not intended to be an administrative act in any sense, but it was intended to provide, in broad and all-embracing language, for the prevention and punishment of restraint of trade."

This quality of breadth in application is one of the highest recommendations of any statute. We do not question the value of precise definition in legislation;

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and it may well be that the Sherman law could now be amended to advantage by more sharply defining some of the abuses aimed at; but we can never escape from the truth that the best general laws are those which are truly *general*. It will not do to proceed upon the theory of a recent New Zealand bill aimed at Chinese laundrymen, whom it sought to bring under a previous statute by declaring that "for the purpose of this act a Chinaman shall be defined to be a girl under eighteen." Yet it is precisely that kind of strained interpretation, and wresting of general language so as either to exempt or include particular offences, that a great many of the proposed new enactments against Trusts unconsciously illustrate. Their framers seem to desire to draft a law so that it will miss a cow, but kill a bear. If we could, for example, look into the minds of some of the extremists from the South who are particularly busy devising amendments of the Sherman law, or substitutes for it, we should find their real wish would be to make the act read something like this: "Every combination in restraint of trade is hereby defined to mean J. P. Morgan, Thomas Ryan, Philip Armour, and John D. Rockefeller, and it shall never be held to apply to Governors of Southern States meeting to devise ways of raising the price of cotton."

Even when there is no such attempt to put private glosses upon a public law, the mischief of introducing terms which are not well settled in law is often met with. Thus the president of the University of Wisconsin, in an address at Cambridge last week, proposed as the test of lawlessness in great combinations that they do "not result in economic advantage." In a formal way, as if framing a law, President Van Hise set forth that "when a combination . . . . is found to have marked economic advantage, it should not be broken up." One can but dimly imagine the confusion and endless law-suits which would result if any such phrase were actually written into a statute. The conception of "economic advantage" is one that is not only hedged about with great difficulties in itself, but is not a legal conception at all. To introduce anything of the kind into an act of Congress would only mix things up. Aiming at precision, it would really launch us into new vagueness, and would seek to establish by law a distinction which there would be no legal way of maintaining.

Another error into which the proposers of novel Trust statutes fall is that of supposing that they can be drafted in such clear and certain form that no suits at law will follow. "Law-suits" are just now under a sudden condemnation. Nevertheless, by means of the judicial decisions in cases some of which were begun by President Roosevelt, we have come to a much clearer notion of what the Sherman law means and can accomplish, and we have come to it through despised law-suits. Indeed, we shall never entirely avoid them. If the proposal is to give up criminal statutes and their enforcement, and to go over to "regulation" by an administrative body, the act creating such a body will itself be thrown into the courts. Let one recall the immense mass of litigation respecting the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is impossible to throw all these things out of court. Under our system, the courts exist not only to vindicate the rights of the citizen, but to be the strong arm of the Government in making the law a terror to evil-doers. And when we have an anti-Trust law, "broad and all-embracing," as Senator Edmunds said, and interpreted and enforced in a series of judicial decisions, it would be the acme of folly to throw it all away and resort to happy-thought statutes, under which we should have to begin all over again. Fortunately there is no prospect that anything of the kind will be done.

MR. BRYCE'S OPTIMISM.

Words of satisfaction and confidence, coming from the lips of an observer like Mr. Bryce, are always pleasant to hear. The man who, of all Europeans since De Tocqueville, has been recognized by common consent as the most intelligent and comprehensive student of American institutions, bids us be of good cheer, because our overcoming of great difficulties in the past gives ample assurance of successful grappling with the troubles and trials now looming big before our vision. And in his speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce, as is his custom, Mr. Bryce did not content himself with a mere oracular dictum, but gave reasons for his faith. Of two evils which looked portentous when he first visited our shores two-score years ago, one, he reminds us, has completely disappeared and the other has passed into a far less acute stage. Sectional antagonism between North and South, which, for a number of years after 1870, was a most serious source of national anxiety, has now long been a thing of the past; and while only too much still survives of corruption and spoliation in city governments—witness the Philadelphia of yesterday and the San Francisco of the day before—no one can doubt that, as Mr. Bryce said, "in the large majority of cities, and especially and most conspicuously in the City of New York, there has been steady progress."

Both of these instances of progress were cited by Mr. Bryce as encouraging evidence of the capacity of the American people to overcome grave national difficulties. But it is well to observe that the two belong to quite different types. Nobody regarded the friction between North and South after the war as distinctively American; everybody counted on the healing effect of time upon such a situation. It was another thing with the problem of municipal corruption and misgovernment. Many persons of high intelligence sincerely believed that the dominance of the Tweed ring in New York was only the most abominable excrescence of a system which was an inevitable accompaniment of democratic institutions in a nation like ours. Nobody, probably, was so hopelessly given over to this view as to believe that no good was accomplished by an uprising like that which destroyed Tweed and Sweeny and Connolly and put an end to the infamies of the Barnard and Cardozo régime in the courts; but many felt that we could not look beyond tempering a normal régime of municipal rascality through occasional abnormal excesses of virtue. And, indeed, a view not very different from this has been widely current until within a very recent period. The most conclusive proof, perhaps, that we have really made signal progress in the practice of municipal government is afforded by the disappearance, within the past ten or fifteen years, of the notion that our country must be content with a standard which no other of the foremost civilized nations would think of tolerating.

Two other struggles with deep-seated evils have run their course in similarly successful fashion in the period covered by Mr. Bryce's reminiscences. From the

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time when the spoils system began its lusty growth, in the days of Andrew Jackson, until after the close of the Civil War, hardly a voice was raised to stay its advance. And far more universally than our peculiarity in municipal government, it was regarded as an inseparable part of the American system. It is needless now to recall the growth of civil service reform from small and despised beginnings to an almost complete conquest in the domain of the national government. What the present generation is more apt to forget is the long and wearing fight against debasement of the currency. The silver craze, which, through a combination of circumstances, became a more formidable menace than any preceding phase of the cheap-money agitation, was but the last manifestation of a danger which had from time to time been serious throughout the thirty years preceding the sound money victory of 1896. And in truth it must be acknowledged that, whatever its excesses, the free silver movement was intrinsically vastly more respectable than the greenbackism which it supplanted, and with which the Democratic party at one time became seriously entangled. That we came out safe and sound through this long-threatening danger must ever be a strengthener of faith in democracy and in the saving power of public discussion.

But to infer from these things, as the British Ambassador did, in his graceful way, both for his nation and our own, that we English-speaking peoples are over-modest in the estimate of our own powers, is to draw a dangerous conclusion. Because forebodings that we have entertained from time to time have not been realized in actual disaster, it does not follow that the fears were baseless. If in some sense there has been among us on both sides of the water this over-modesty that Mr. Bryce speaks of, it has gone hand in hand with a complacent confidence that we shall "muddle through" in the end, which in England at least has become proverbial. And if we have muddled through, who shall say to what extent this more or less satisfactory outcome has been due to the very fact that the nation has contained an adequate minority of persons possessed with a sober fear that the process may not always avail to save us? It is by no means certain for example—on the contrary, it is in the highest degree improbable—that any part of the effort expended upon the fighting of the fiat money peril could have been spared. The danger was not only real, but so extensive and so deeply imbedded in the habits of thought of a large portion of our people that nothing short of extreme vigor and vigilance could have availed for its extinction. Dangers no less real confront us to-day, and a spirit no less sober and determined is necessary to meet them. But, of course, Mr. Bryce, while appropriately presenting in an after-dinner speech the sunny side of the case, would be the last to deny the need of constant and aggressive vigilance to protect a vast and complex democracy like ours from the dangers, near and remote, by which, in the nature of things, it is perennially menaced.

JOHN BRIGHT.

In contemplating the career of John Bright, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated last week, perhaps our first thought is of the remarkable influence exerted by a few great personalities in the memorable events in which he was a leader. There is nothing in our own time which quite corresponds to the part played either by Bright or by his two illustrious compeers, Cobden and Gladstone, in those decades of political and social progress which were ushered in by the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832. But especially is this true of Bright himself. For it was not through any expectation of his future rôle in shaping governmental policies that John Bright exercised over the people of England an influence rarely matched in the history of politics. His hold was due solely to the fervor of his convictions and the capacity to present them in oratory, impassioned and restrained, whose sincerity was as unmistakable as its eloquence. "He was the greatest master of English oratory," said Lord Salisbury, "that this generation—I may say, several generations—has seen. . . . At a time when much speaking has depressed, has almost exterminated eloquence, he maintained that robust, powerful, and vigorous style in which he gave fitting expression to the burning and noble thoughts he desired to utter."

The causes in which these noble powers were enlisted from the beginning, and to which, with a rare and perfect constancy, they were devoted to the end, are easily named. Freedom of trade, freedom and equality in religion, the extension of democracy and of popular education, and, last but not least, peace among the nations—these were the objects which he served without variation or shadow of turning. That he was an ardent foe of human slavery, and consequently one of that small but illustrious group of great Englishmen who stood out as friends of the Union in the days of its trial by fire, no American need be reminded. But indeed, instead of speaking of three or four causes, it would be quite as correct to say that one cause furnished the motive and the inspiration of all his efforts. In his mind the fight for free trade, the spread of democracy and education, the pursuit of peace, were all but parts of one and the same endeavor to procure the benefits of civilization for the struggling masses of mankind. The Corn Laws were to him not chiefly offences against economic doctrine, but violations of the rights of the poor workingman for the benefit of the landholding aristocracy. And thus it was that, without artificiality or bathos, he was able to give to a speech on the abolition of protectionist duties something of the same moving quality that marked his wonderful speech of February 23, 1855, appealing to Lord Palmerston to bring the Crimean War to a close.

The course of events since the days of Bright and Cobden has brought out in a signal manner that connection between the struggle for free trade and the aspiration for international peace which was pointed to in the Cobden Club's motto—"Free Trade, Peace, Good Will among Nations." Whatever benefits may be claimed by protectionists for that reaction against free trade, on the Continent and especially in Germany, which has so disappointed the sanguine hopes of half a century ago, there is one thing that stands out conspicuous and undeniable on the adverse side of the account. That tension between the modern European nations of which the suspicious jealousy and armed rivalry between England and Germany mark the culminating point could not possibly have arisen had the principles of free trade accomplished the triumphal march through the civilized world which Cobden and his followers so confidently expected. Whatever other factors may have helped to foster Anglo-German un-

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friendliness, no one can doubt that the fears and hostilities connected with that view of trade which regards the gain of one nation as the loss of another have been the preponderating element. And among the injuries that have been wrought by the surrendering of our own country to the spirit of protectionism, over and above the economic burdens and the political corruptions for which it is responsible here at home, must be set down the mighty reinforcement it has supplied to the protectionist spirit in Europe, with its consequences in the shape of multiplied Dreadnoughts and of international ill-will.

One of the cheap defences of latter-day protectionism has consisted in the application to the Victorian free-traders of opprobrious epithets, suggesting their domination by a narrow and calculating commercialism. The name "Manchester School" has become, in the mouths of many, a convenient term of reproach and contempt, connoting littleness of soul, a sordid absorption in the immediate profits of the factory or the counting-house. No better corrective of such a notion could be found than a reference to the life of John Bright. Sturdy practical Englishman that he was, never losing sight of the concrete realities of his time and country, he was at bottom animated in his championship of free trade by a profound and even tender sentiment. The story of his ideal friendship with Cobden might show this sufficiently, even if we did not have the record of the touching incident that marked a crucial moment in its history and in Bright's public career. In the fall of 1841, when he was in the depths of grief and despair upon the death of his young wife, Cobden came to see him, and after speaking some words of condolence, looked up and said, "There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me and we will never rest till the Corn Laws are repealed." "And from that time," adds Bright, who tells the story himself, "we never ceased to labor hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made." Perhaps there was, in the spirit that animated these two crusaders for free trade, quite as much breadth, and quite as much humanity, as in that of the most ambitious dreamer of empire founded on force and of commercial aggrandizement built up by tariff restrictions.

THE EGOTISM OF AUTHORS.

Macaulay in his essay on Lord Byron declared that he "never could clearly understand how it is that egotism, so unpopular in conversation, should be so popular in writing." But in such matters a good deal depends upon the definition of egotism. Montaigne, for example, is always talking about himself, and we enjoy it; should we have enjoyed it less if we could have met him at table and heard the same matter pour from his lips? Rousseau was one of the great egotists of literature. He did the sort of thing which Carlyle asserted to be always acceptable to the public, "going off in self-conflagration, for the amusement of the parish." It may be doubted, however, if his confessions by word of mouth would have seemed a bore. There is, of course, a kind of personal vanity which is offensive whether met with in conversation or in a book. It has been said of Charles Sumner that his egotism, in his later years, was so insufferable as to be an affront to every person he met. Yet if a man is an interesting character and his experience of life has been varied and entertaining, the unlocking of his heart whether in sonnet or in speech would seem to be all one. Everything hangs upon the manner.

A particular form of egotism of authors has to do with their feeling about their own works. Recently in England there has been a great deal of gossip concerning Thomas Hardy, and his alleged pains to place his original manuscripts where posterity might gaze at them, and to edit his novels so that they might reach the next century in the polished form that he would prefer. But this appears to have been largely unfounded. The positive announcement that Mr. Hardy was shortly to produce a drama has been declared by the *Athenæum* to be "wholly fictitious." And he himself, when interrogated about the story that he was busying himself in filing a new edition of his Wessex tales, said that he was no longer interested in them to take any trouble about their reprinting. Hardy is seemingly of the mind of Anatole France, who makes a sculptor say, in "Le Lys rouge": "Do you imagine that it would be a pleasure to me to live among my own works? I know them far too well; they bore me."

It would be easy to cite instances of the opposite temperament. There are many stories of Wordsworth's unaffected delight in re-reading his own poems. Tennyson had a weakness for reciting "Maud." As to the particular point of an author's anxiety about the precise literary form in which his works shall reach future generations, it seems to be a case of many men and many minds. The slow producers, the men of the labored line and the carefully sought phrase, like Flaubert, naturally are fastidious to the last degree in seeing to it that posterity shall get their final version. This is with some the last infirmity of noble minds. Copious writers are apt to be less careful. The sublime indifference of Shakespeare to what became of his plays has lately been dwelt upon again by M. Jusserand as one of the wonders in connection with that wonder-worker. On the other hand, we have Henry James, both prolific and an artist in words, who assiduously looked after a revised re-issue of his books. In that edition he did a good deal of what, in one of his short stories, he called "pricking in lights" in an author's proof, but what the ungodly would describe as one more illustration of the method of *obscurum per obscurius*.

It is not only the readers among posterity, if he is lucky enough to have any, that an author's course in this matter may affect, but the collectors. If there are to be no variants, no revisions, what becomes of the joy of owning that rare first edition with the misprints in it, or the youthful indiscretions which the writer would have fain recalled or expunged later? John Hay would not reprint "Little Breeches," yet he could not escape it during all his life-time. It pursued him to England, when he went there as Ambassador, and the line about "loafing round the throne" it was thought a capital joke to cite about him. In such a case we see the egotism of the author in reverse, as it were, and taking on the guise of mortification.

In the common opinion, one of the most frequent manifestations of literary vanity consists in a writer's concern about the public reception of his book, its critical reviews, its sales, what people say about it, how the publisher is satisfied, and so on. But this, when it

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exists—no doubt it often does exist—is modified by circumstances which the outsider is not always in a position to appreciate. There is, for instance, the lapse of time which must come between the completion of the manuscript, or even the reading of the proof, and the actual publication of the book. During that period the author's interest may have passed entirely to another theme. When one book is published he may be half way through the writing of another. Imagine the uncertainty which would arise in the mind of Arnold Bennett if anybody congratulated him on his latest novel! It might be the third or fourth back from his really latest. And we presume that he and most other successful writers are more indifferent to felicitations by friends, and praise or blame by critics, than most of us non-bookmaking folk suspect. If an author has done a really fine thing, he does not need outside voices to tell him so. As M. Bergson has explained, it is only when we are doubtful about our success that we look eagerly about for recognition and encouragement. And if self-assurance of the writer as respects his own work is a form of egotism, it may at least be of the silent and inoffensive kind. After Carlyle had finished his "French Revolution," he muttered to himself as he passed the crowds in the park, "There isn't one of you that could have done it." But he left it for Froude to reveal that scornful vanity to us after his death.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Burning Bush is usually identified with the Thorn Acacia. The Hebrew word in the Pentateuch is *Seneh,* which is allied to the Coptic *Sheno.* The word is found in papyri of the Nineteenth Dynasty.

At least one author has a different theory, and, if he were living, might contend that his own hypothesis was entitled to the precedence of time. There are many even of the enthusiastic foragers in old libraries and old bookshops who have never heard of the name of Francis Hoffman, and of those who remember him at all the majority would think of him only as the heroic spirit who put Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" into rhyme. But he wrote other pamphlets, and one of these now lies before me, an octavo tract of sixteen pages, showing increasing grayness, wrought by nearly two centuries of unread existence:

A
CHRISTMASS CAROL
on
PEKO-TEA;
or,
A SACRED CAROL, which like Tea that is Perfect Good and Fine, will be most grateful and useful all the Year round from Christmas to Christmas for ever.
Humbly addressed to
Queen CAROLINE
and the
Princess CAROLINA,
and
All the ROYAL FAMILY.

By *FRANCIS HOFFMAN.*

Great Caroline *to raise the* Carol's *Fame,*
Carol *the Prime Part of Your Royal Name,*
Does first Your most August Acceptance Claim,
And next at Princess Carolina's *Aim,*
Whose Names give Sovereign Sanction to the same,
And Carol *sacred thro' the World proclaim.*

LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1729.

The poet may have been a preacher, for he takes a text for his rhymes, and bases his "poem" of nearly six hundred lines on Deut. xxxiii, 16: "For the Good Will of Him that dwelt in the Bush." His theme he thus explains:

How Christ was in a Manger born
And God dwelt in a Bush of Thorn:
Which Bush of Thorn appears to me,
The same that yields best Peko Tea.

His views on the divinity of Christ are of the most pronounced character:

The God of Glory this Day Born
Did once an humble Bush adorn;
Which Blooming forth with Rays Divine
Did fairer than the Morning Shine:
No doubt the Godhead's shining Powers,
Impregnated its Leaves and Flowers,
With all those Fragrant Balms that flow
From Leaves and Flowers of the Peko:
Whose Flowry Blooming Face appears,
Like Charming as the Heavenly Spheres,
Its leaves Bright Blue, its Flow'rs like Stars.

The closing triplet shows that the poet was not bound by any rigid rules as to the exactitude of his rhymes. Nor does he adhere very strictly to his theory, but apparently has an alternative one, for he writes:

This Bush that fragrant Thorn may be,
Which we in April Blooming see,
Whose Bloom does Roses Sweet out smell;
And Lillies Whiteness far excell.
Abundant such in Berks, I've seen
Near Newb'ry at my Native Speen;
Speen which its Name from Thorns did bear,
When Julius Ceasar's Camp was there;
Still in his Commentaries seen,
Who calls it Spinae, that is Speen.

From this we learn that Hoffman, notwithstanding his German name, claimed to be a "true born Englishman." The mention of Julius Cæsar reminds him that the great Emperor's initials were the same as those of Jesus Christ and that his wounds were as many as the years of the life of the Son of Mary. He has other "excursions and alarums" concerning the men of Succoth, Gideon's fleece—

An emblem too how Peko tea
Comes safe Dry Balmy thro' the Sea—

and other topics. There are many compliments to Queen Caroline and King George, and he expresses the wish or hope that tea would grow in Carolina. He observes:

That China's Clime and China's Sun,
Direct to Carolina run,
That Tea grows there most choice and good,
In Carolina's Latitude.
Now if the Thorn and God's Bush be,
The self same Kind with the Tea-Tree?
It would be worthy of a Queen,
To raise that Bush which God shin'd in:
And choicely cultivate the same,
In Lands that bear her Royal Name;
Purchased by Her Great Spouse of late,
For Royal Pow'r to Cultivate.

References follow to Gibraltar, Port Mahon, and Minorca, and the name of Prince Frederick is joined to that of "Great George" as though the poet had no inkling of the lack of sympathy between *that* father and *that* son:

God in the Bush in Fire Divine,
Did chuse on Christmass Day to shine,
I do believe, because my Tea
Put me in mind on Christmass Day,
Or Heav'n did on't suggest to me,
God's Bush might yield, the first best Tea.

. . . . . .

Thus we that God-like Fire in't feel,
Which God did in the Bush reveal:
Which shews God's Bush, that Bush may be,
Which yields the choicest Peko-Tea.

Notwithstanding his extreme orthodoxy on the dogma of the incarnation, Hoffman has some odd speculations on other points, and hints not only that

Moses might the first man be
That e'er did treat his wife with Tea,

but also that he might be identical with Zoroaster or Confucius. He cites I Esdras xiv, 39, to show that Ezra drank "a Cup of Empyrean-Tea":

On its Infusion we are told
'Twas Water like transparent Gold;
In Colour of a Fire-like Hue
Of Peko-Tea, the colour true.

He looks forward to seeing the tea-plant in heaven, with leaves for the healing of the nations. And this is his emphatic conclusion of his great argument:

And thus on Christmass Day I sing,
Of Tea the Subject, Christ the King.
Have rank'd the Tea-Bush with the Vine,
And Tea compared with choicest Wine,
Which Balm and Flavour bles'd contains,
Like that on Gilead's Hills or Plains;
More than Lucinaes or Champaigns.
And makes my Soul more Grand and Gay,
Than Burgundy, or than Tokay.
May all who do these Truths condemn,
Ne'er taste one single Drop of them,
Here or in New Jerusalem.

This tea-poet may at least claim to have added an item to the curiosities of literature.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, England.

Correspondence

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Fite's constructive suggestion for the training of teachers, published in the *Nation* September 7, has already been answered in your pages (October 12), but should be further disentangled from the innuendos of his preface.

He attacks indiscriminately the staffs of about 300 departments of education in colleges and universities, and of about 275 in normal schools in the United States alone. These men, according to his accusations, pretend to exude mystically a specific prepossterous "quality," attract an undesirable type of student to the university, make deplorable school legislation, offer snap courses without content, contribute nothing to productive scholarship, read banal and inane literature, and make themselves ridiculous by resort to anti-pedagogical methods of teaching instead of adopting the *correct pedagogical treatment,* which the author himself proposes in his cited illustration. The subject matter of educational branches of study is either wanting or thin. Educational psychology has no distinctive field, despite the views and works of James, Hall, Ribot, Sanford, Meumann,

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Whipple, Thorndike, Judd, Witmer, Bagley, Huey, Colvin, etc., despite also the numerous investigating contributors to important and flourishing foreign and American journals of educational psychology.

The statement is made that there is a large Herbartian following. I find from an examination of the work at Harvard, Columbia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Texas, California, and Missouri that this is strikingly in opposition to the whole trend of emphasis. In regard to the training of the professors in education I find that in these eight institutions the instructional staff in 1907 included twenty-eight Ph.D. men, as against four for 1897, when education courses were given by the departments of philosophy, toward whom Mr. Fite evidently thinks these professors have become ungrateful offspring. These Ph.D. men may be "mill products," as Mr. Fite suggests. The majority of them happen to have been turned out by large philosophical departments. I may add that now graduate students of education are supplementing their educational training largely by taking minors in economics, sociology, history, political science, and psychology.

The author, caricaturing experiments in educational psychology, happens to cite experiments which were carried on in what he would call laboratories of pure psychology. In fact, studies in attention, in imagery, in memory processes, in individual differences, in learning, in skill acquisitions of all sorts, in habit forming and breaking, in reading, in number, in language, and even in the ordinary thinking processes—all pedagogical problems, are yielding increasingly practical results. In lamenting the fact that educational treatises on formal discipline have failed to see the crucial point of the controversy, our critic appears not to realize that Münsterberg's most recent pedagogical book, "Psychology and the Teacher," and monographs by Meumann, Colvin, Judd, and others have stated and elaborated the relation of the problem to "conceptual activities." He fails to concede that educational psychology with reference to this one question in general points (contrary to his assumption) toward the possibility of transfer of training, and that it alone has launched an era in experimentation, especially under actual schoolroom conditions, and has enormously stimulated in teachers an inquiry into and a professional desire to possess scientifically grounded educational convictions. Laymen refer to Thorndike's and Woodworth's first experiment with surprising ignorance of the general character of later experimentation. Prof. Paul Shorey (in the *School Review*, November, 1910), whose chief contention is in the main I believe correct, shows the same lack of information in this particular.

Now for the constructive programme of the author himself, after having told us that "college pedagogy is unfamiliar with any noble ideas." It is this: education is "a subject whose problems are so complex and so broadly involved in all the problems of social order, civilization, and of life itself——" that we should hold it off for the graduate school, and not broach it to any undergraduates, virtually all of whom in nearly every State must teach before they can afford to pursue graduate work. How would this definition and this policy do for philosophy? Why not?

As to the author's estimate that nine out of ten of our colleagues would vote us out of their ranks, I hope and believe it is not true. However the same thing might have been said, in fairly recent educational history, of the modern language professors, the teachers of the vernacular itself, the scientists, the historians, the economists, or the sociologists. The protective tariff argument of Mr. Fite points definitely in quite a different direction. I respectfully refer the readers to an admirable pedagogical study, "The Administration of the College Curriculum," by President W. T. Foster. No one more sensitively than the writer realizes that we are as yet feebly grappling with the great problems which Mr. Fite himself well suggests. We welcome all, including the Carnegie Foundation for Teaching, who are seriously and constructively bent upon clarifying the conception of professional equipment for teachers. We desire the Socratic not the Aristophanic attitude.

CHAS. HUGHES JOHNSTON.

University of Kansas, November 1.

DR. JOHN BASCOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Kindly permit a few words respecting the life and work of one whose name has often appeared in your columns, and to whose penetrating judgments of men and things your readers have frequently been indebted. The death of Dr. John Bascom, which was noted in your issue of October 5, removes a great teacher. Dr. Bascom began his work as a professor of rhetoric in Williams College nearly fifty-six years ago; after nineteen years of work in that college he was called to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin; for fourteen years he occupied that responsible position, making a notable contribution to the life of the university, and through that to the life of the State; then he returned, in 1887, to his home in Williamstown, where the remaining years of his life were spent. A lectureship in sociology in the old college occupied a few of those years; but for the most part the period was serenely spent among his books, with the companionship of the noble trees planted by his own hand, the wild flowers, whose haunts he knew so well, and the Berkshire Hills, whose beauty had always "haunted him like a passion," and to whose conservation from the hands of the spoiler he devoted the last years of his life.

I am permitted to quote the following discriminating words of Dean E. A. Birge of the University of Wisconsin, who was associated with Dr. Bascom during the entire period of the latter's presidency:

> Dr. Bascom came as president to the University of Wisconsin in 1874 and continued in that position until 1887. He brought to a new institution the best traditions of the New England college, embodied in a powerful and inspiring personality. He had an intellect exceptionally broad and incisive; a high and pure character; unusually direct and vigorous speech. His thought and his teaching were addressed to philosophy, by which he understood the rational structure of the world and of society as a basis for conduct. He had an intuitive grasp of the mental and moral attitude of the undergraduate, and he understood how to call into life that which was best in him and to make it able to control his future. In those days there was needed as president not so much an administrator, or even an organizer, as one whose personal power fitted him to take the lead in class-room, faculty, and State—one who would be regarded as the spiritual head of an institution whose functions were regarded as primarily spiritual. This position Dr. Bascom filled with exceptional success.

After his return from the West his leisure was employed in philosophical and sociological studies, and several volumes appeared, among which a treatise on the philosophical basis of sociology, another, "The Words of Christ," and another, "The New Theology," are most important. His last is a treatise on "The Goodness of God," of slender dimensions, but of great breadth and insight. Dr. Bascom's life in the old New England town was full of good fruit. Philosopher and prophet as he was, the farmers all knew him and believed in him; in all local affairs he took an intelligent interest; he was never absent from town meeting and his word was most influential. The Greylock State Reservation Commission, under whose care one thousand acres on the crown of that noble mountain have been placed, for the perpetual use of the people of the State, was largely his project; until a few months ago he remained at the head of the commission.

To the day of his death he was physically and mentally alert; he was on horseback two days before he died; several reviews and articles for the newspapers were waiting to be finished on his table.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Columbus, O., November 14.

DECORATIVE VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A teacher of literature, in this part of the country at least, has constantly to fight against the popular impression that poetry is a gentle, decorative, and feminine art like "fancy work," unworthy of serious attention from a practical man. This is especially true in a coeducational college, where the girl students, especially those incapable of thought, tend to flock into the literature courses. There they expect to be agreeably entertained, or at least to avoid the necessity of the slightest intellectual exertion. As I read the review of recent verse in the *Nation* of October 26, I thought how perfectly most of the verse quoted fits in with this popular impression. Fourteen volumes by different authors are noticed in the review, and there is a short quotation from each. I am impressed with the sameness of these bits of verse, with their graceful decorative quality, and with their almost total lack of vital interest.

With the exception of perhaps three pieces, one of which is an echo from an older poetic school, I think all these poems might easily have been written by a single author. They all have a gentle elegiac-idyllic strain, where very often "pure description takes the place of sense." Smoothly turned lines, vague classical reminiscences, more or less pretty nature descriptions—these recur in poem after poem. Even into Mr. Palmer's ode on Marcus Aurelius the "nature" note intrudes in the remarkable comparison of the stoic Emperor to an "unvexed oriole."

To what do we owe this surfeit of sugar candy? Is it not true that the verses quoted in your review are representative of a prevailing tendency? Why is it that our poets are concerned chiefly with things that are pretty and decorative, but not vital; with feelings that are soothing and

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becoming, but not passionate? Ford Madox Hueffer, in his reminiscences, expresses the opinion that the divorce of poetry from life is due to the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, and that Rossetti sounded the knell of English poetry when he wrote "The Blessed Damozel." The Pre-Raphaelite influence is perhaps responsible to some degree; but should we not look further back? I suspect that Keats, more than any other poet, is the source of this flood of decorative verse. We are suffering from a degenerate form of his worship of outward beauty, which takes for its creed and misinterprets the famous text about beauty and truth.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, October 29.

QUARREL OF THE CONSONANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "Old Spelling Reformer," Thomas Edwards, whose memory Professor Havens has recently revived (the *Nation*, October 26), must forfeit his title to originality in favor of no more modern a person than Lucian of Samosata. The "Account of the Trial of the Letter Y, *alias* Y" is an ingenious adaptation to English of the ancient's "Trial in the Court of the Vowels," wherein the letter sigma brings suit against the letter tau for usurping the former's rightful place. "I am driven from Thessaly (Thettaly, forsooth!)," cries the irate consonant. "Θάλασσα is now *mare clausum* to me. . . . I have never a πάσσαλος to hang myself on." (The Clarendon Press translation, Vol. I. p. 26), The Greek document, like the English, is a plea for conservatism in orthography.

JAMES HOLLY HANFORD.

Simmons College, November 13.

NOT NEWS AND NEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A parallel which may have been present in Dana's mind when he drew his distinction between "not news and news" is that afforded by a passage in Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," Part I, chapter xvii:

> The story of the whale swallowing Jonah, though a whale is large enough to do it, borders greatly on the marvellous; but it would have approached nearer to the idea of a miracle if Jonah had swallowed the whale.

The same question suggests itself in Paine's case. Was it consciously or unconsciously that he reproduced the form of the ancient apothegm? S.

November 10.

LETTERS OF JOHN BRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A life of my father, John Bright, is shortly to be written by Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan. There must be a large number of letters, written by my father, to Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, and W. H. Seward, during the American war. I should much like to have the opportunity of seeing whether some of them are worth quoting in the biography, but I do not know who has them. Perhaps this letter, if printed in the *Nation*, may come to the notice of those who have them.

J. A. BRIGHT.

One Ash, Rochdale, England, November 9.

Literature

PERUVIAN TRAVEL.

Following the Conquistadores: Along the Andes and down the Amazon. By H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D., Author of "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena." With an Introduction by Col. Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

The increasing number of books that issue from the press relating to South America is both a tribute to the growth of the countries in that continent and a sign of the keener interest which the rest of the world begins to feel in them. As this interest, which used to be stimulated by the aspects of nature and the remains of primitive culture, is now chiefly roused by an appreciation of the material progress of these countries and of the promise of increased trade which that progress holds out, recent writers have occupied themselves more with Argentina, Brazil, and Chili than with the other less advanced republics, and have dealt chiefly with the agricultural and mineral resources which are being there developed. About such resources the present work has not very much to say, though the author is not indifferent to their importance. He describes in Peru and Bolivia a region in which much remains to be done to make its natural wealth available, and expresses hopes for the future rather than records advances already made.

The journey here described begins at Panama, where the achievements of American engineers and the not less creditable work of American scientific physicians in banishing tropical diseases from one of their haunts are dwelt upon with well-deserved emphasis. Thence Dr. Mozans proceeds south to Guayaquil, a nest of fever and malaria which sadly needs American science and energy to deal with it; and from Guayaquil he climbs the Ecuadorean Andes by the recently opened railway to Riobamba and Quito. Returning to the coast, he sails to Callao, visits Lima and the famous Oroya railroad, which after reaching a height of 15,665 feet above sea level, sends off a branch to the great mining centre of Cerro de Pasco. Then he sails further down the coast to Mollendo, the terminus of the Peruvian Southern Railroad, and by this line, which also crosses the western chain of the Andes, finds his way to Arequipa, Lake Titicaca, La Paz, and ultimately Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas. Finally, having gone back to Lima and thence to Truxillo, some way north of Lima, he enters on by far the most fatiguing part of his wanderings in a long journey across the Cordilleras from the Pacific into the valley of the Paranapura, and thence along the Huallaga into the great Amazon, which he follows down to Iquitos, the principal centre of trade in that region, and thence to Para in Brazil.

The book is agreeably and intelligently written in a flowing style. We are told something about the scenes and the aspects of nature generally, something about the inhabitants, something about the author's own personal experiences, yet not enough to make us tire of him. There is a good deal of moralizing, and a vast deal of quotation (not always illuminative) from poets, English, Italian, and above all Spanish, especially South American Spanish. These citations witness to the extent of Dr. Mozans's reading and bring to the reader's notice many names of minor Spanish colonial poets, whose fame has never before reached him. Verse-making seems to be assiduously cultivated in Lima, and Arequipa, and even in plague-stricken Guayaquil. In the interesting Introduction, which Col. Roosevelt has written for the book, a deserved tribute is paid to the sympathy of Dr. Mozans with the people among whom he went and his appreciation of their good qualities. It is altogether desirable that a traveller should have this disposition to see the bright side of things and to look for merits rather than defects. Such a disposition is one of the pleasing features of this book. But it is carried too far when the weak points are ignored and a general tint of rose is thrown over the whole moral and intellectual landscape. Dr. Mozans is not merely a persistent optimist, but what one may call, if the expression be permissible, a confirmed "booster." He sees little but what is elevated in the qualities of the Peruvians, he has no doubt of the splendid future that awaits the country, he is hopeful of the prospects of railways across the Andes which it must cost untold millions of dollars to construct and the profitable traffic possibilities of which appear to the unpoetical mind to be in a somewhat remote future. He has little but praise for the Roman Catholic Church in South America, differing therein from most of the competent judges on the spot who, while acknowledging the virtues and efforts of some of its noble figures, including many of the Jesuit missionaries, recognized how little it has done for the people. And this determination to extenuate faults goes beyond all bounds when it makes attempt to palliate the hideous crimes of the Spanish conquerors. Pizarro and many of his captains were doubtless men of amazing energy and courage. Never in any age or country were there exploits more extraordinary. But to gloss over their rapacity and their cruelty

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and their treachery is to strike at all moral distinctions. These crimes have been crimes and sins in all nations and at all times. If they are to be excused because they were perpetrated upon heathen Indians, whom Spanish religion held to be outside the pale of moral obligation, or justified because they were part of an attempt to bring the natives to a knowledge of the true faith, then the individual men can be defended only at the expense of the sort of religion they held. There were happily other Spaniards in those days who had retained more of the real spirit of Christianity than the infamous friar Vicente de Valverde over whom Dr. Mozans tries to throw a cloak of indulgence.

Regarded as a contribution to our knowledge of the regions which he has here described, the book of Dr. Mozans does not stand in the front rank. It is, for instance, far less thorough and exact than that of the late Edward G. Squier, the first American traveller, who, while he investigated Peruvian antiquities with care, was also exact in his descriptions of the life he saw around him. He was a practised archæologist, while our author does not claim to be. But apart from archæological details, Dr. Mozans is not very exact or thorough in his descriptions. He is loose, for instance, in his estimates of the heights he crosses, and is generally vague, although often picturesque, in his remarks on the character of Andean scenery. And he often surprises us by the uncritical way in which he treats ridiculous fables or fantastic ethnological theories.

The most interesting part of the book is the account it gives of the part of Peru least known to the outside world, viz., the region which lies between the Pacific Coast and the Amazon at Iquitos. The pictures of the surroundings of the towns of Moyobamba and Balsapuerto and the sort of life the people were leading in those far recesses of a mountain and forest land are well given. The story of the perils encountered on the journey across the great ranges is fresh and lively, and the description of the vast tropical forests of the upper Amazon and its tributaries quite impressive. Dr. Mozans observes with truth that one may travel through these wildernesses for days or weeks together without seeing any of the larger wild creatures that inhabit them; and he confirms what Alfred Russell Wallace told us long ago in his remarks on the woods of the East Indian archipelago, that the notion we are apt to form of the brilliance of the flowers in the woods of the tropics is unfounded. He tells us also, and this we are more surprised to hear, that the trees of the Amazonian forests are not generally lofty, only one of them exceeding one hundred feet; and he makes the just observation that the number of trees of different species which one finds on any given piece of ground is much greater than in the wooded tracts of temperate countries. This fact very largely affects the cost of lumbering operations. In order to get a certain number of trees of the same species, it is necessary to cover a disproportionately large space of ground, and either to cut down many other trees which are not wanted or to drag out from among the others, perhaps with great difficulty, those which it is desired to have. The great industry now pursued along the upper Amazon is, as everybody knows, that of getting rubber. Dr. Mozans does not mention, and we assume had not heard of, the shocking cruelties recently perpetrated by some of the agents of rubber companies along the Putumayo River, on the frontier of Peru, which have created so painful a sensation in Europe. His account of the various adventures connected with the exploration of the course of the great river by early Spanish discoverers will be new to most readers, and gives a touch of human interest to a stream which has so far figured less in history than any other water artery of the world.

Our author's eagerness to put upon men and things in Peru the best face they can be made to wear may be explained or defended by the argument that, as these have been often scornfully treated by European travellers, it is proper to redress the balance. But when his enthusiasm carries him in his "Foreword" to claim for "the Iberian race," under which he includes the Portuguese of Brazil, that it is growing and spreading and advancing so as to outstrip every other race except that which he calls "the Anglo-Saxon" he destroys our confidence in his judgment. Those who know South America will be rather inclined to deplore the fate which gave these vast and naturally rich territories to nations which so neglected or threw away their opportunities as Spain and Portugal did. We may be indulgent to the defects of the present generation which is suffering from the crimes and blunders of the past, but we must recognize how slow will be the progress upward in communities only one of which has yet learned to respect both order and liberty, and several of which have by intermixture with Indian and (in Brazil) with negro blood lowered the quality of the European stock. There is no use in blinking these facts; the best men in Spanish America recognize them, and are aware of the immense difficulties they have to confront. Political unrest is not the greatest of the evils that have to be overcome.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sixes and Sevens. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This last volume of short stories from the hand of a writer whose premature death has been regarded as a loss to American letters offers an excellent opportunity both for tracing the development of a talent and for pointing out at least one notable trait which differentiates O. Henry's work, more than that of any other American, from the short story as it is written abroad. Of the twenty-five tales included in the present volume, two at least were published after the writer's death, while some go back as far as 1903, if not further. The reader will find no difficulty in distinguishing between the earlier and the later work, between comparatively crude performances like "New York by Campfire Light" or "October and June," and the accomplished cleverness of "Makes the Whole World Kin," "The Day We Celebrate," and "Ulysses and the Dogman." What is common to both is only the characteristic flow of high spirits which gives to most of O. Henry's work the ease and speed of the spoken anecdote.

In "Makes the Whole World Kin," a burglar breaks into a New York residence one night when every one but the master of the house is away. The man wakes, sits up in bed, and in compliance with a curt request uttered behind a levelled revolver, holds up his right hand. He cannot lift his left hand because, as he explains, his arm is crippled with rheumatism. But the intruder, too, is a victim of rheumatism, and one neuralgic twinge makes the two men kin. The burglar sits down on the bed, and for several pages they discuss the comparative merits of various anti-rheumatism remedies, a subject on which both men display an extraordinary amplitude of information. They decide that there is really one remedy known to science—"little old sanitary, ameliorating, lest-we-forget booze." And when our rheumatic citizen has got on his clothes with the other's assistance, the two go out into the stillness of the night to test the validity of their conclusions. Now, this is a story which we can imagine being told, in his lighter moods, by the European writer to whom O. Henry has so frequently been compared. But whereas Maupassant, relying on the innate humor of the idea, would have told his story soberly, we have in O. Henry the "rapid-fire" manner of a newer day. Almost every line has its grip, and every sentence has its surprise. In other words, manner strives to be more extravagant even than matter. It is in this mingling of verity with extravagance, in this inability to resist the temptation to make a joke at the tragic moment, that our newer art, in the short story or the

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theatre, swerves so remarkably from the accepted standards.

Pandora's Box. By John Ames Mitchell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

All the graceful humor, the vivacity, and the charm which characterize Mr. Mitchell's editorials are found in "Pandora's Box." But these are not in themselves sufficient for the making of a novel. A plot is needed, and of this commodity the author has little to offer. The venerable theme of the suitor of low degree who wins the high-born lady requires more skilful treatment than Mr. Mitchell can give to prove fresh and attractive in these sophisticated days. The characters are for the most part mere figure-heads. The villanous old Earl of Drumworth is weary from service in many Victorian shilling-shockers. Even the scene of the story, Drumworth Castle, seems an old acquaintance. The democracy of the book is so very enthusiastic that it fails to be convincing, and for the American hero, who has won the sympathy of the reader and the love of the aristocratic English heroine in the guise of a humble architect, to become suddenly a man of wealth, owner of Drumworth Castle, is much in the nature of an anti-climax. When a book proves pleasant reading in spite of such defects as these just noted, it is evident that its writer deserves congratulations on the score of style and craftsmanship. The dialogue is sprightly and entertaining and the atmosphere of the story is wholesome and agreeable. By far the most interesting and real character is the delightful dog, Baseborn. The book is worth reading if only for the sake of enjoying the acquaintance of this excellent beast.

A Person of Some Importance. By Lloyd Osborne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A Stevenson romance with a slight flavor of E. Phillips Oppenheim, that is, a good "yarn" told for its own sake with exceptional skill—of such is this tale. The action hinges on the identity of the man called John Mort, who appears for only a short time at the beginning of the story. This mysterious person of uncertain nationality and apparently boundless wealth, lives in luxury with a beautiful woman on a South Sea island, and governs the peaceful natives. After six years spent in doing Mort's errands round the coasts and islands of the Pacific, the hero, anxious to revisit his boyhood home, leaves his master's service under the strictest pledge of secrecy as to their whole connection. This pledge is the cause of all his troubles. The scenes range from the hero's home in Connecticut, where he elopes with the fascinating daughter of an old general, and where he is persecuted by powerful agencies determined to discover the whereabouts of John Mort, to Lotoalofa, the coral-girt island of the South Seas. The plot is handled with remarkable dexterity, so that it is seldom possible to guess even the next turn of its devious road. The book will be heartily enjoyed by readers who like plenty of variety and surprise, and have a proper contempt for probability.

Find the Woman. By Gelett Burgess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Burgess should have added the name of Robert Louis Stevenson to the list of five individuals beginning with Scheherazade, to whom he has dedicated his book. The method of "Find the Woman" is the method of the "New Arabian Nights," but the manner is Mr. Burgess's own. Upon a thread of mystery and adventure he has strung a dozen short stories, some of them more frankly impossible than others, but most of them funny and nearly all of them cleverly done. The story of the Great Yale Funeral, which seems to be built around a kernel of fact, is altogether delightful. Another chapter is evidently intended as a tribute to the memory of Richard Mansfield. There are two pages in the book on which the smile develops into a roar. They have to do with the sanctimonious Dr. Hopbottom, with whom profane utterance takes the form of an orgy in technical and scientific terminology. Dr. Hopbottom addresses an Irish truck-driver as follows:

> What diacritical right has a binomial oxypendactile advoutrous holoblastic rhizopod like you, got with your trinoctial ustilaginous Westphalian holocaust blocking up the teleostean way for, anyway! If you give me any more of your lunarian, snorto-maniac hyperbolic pylorectomy, I'll skive you into a megalopteric diatomoriferous auxospore!

This is not very subtle humor, but the reviewer, while copying out the foregoing sentences, laughed anew.

The Texican. By Dane Coolidge. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

One is irresistibly tempted to classify this as nature study (human nature, to be sure), so much more comparable is it to those engaging life histories of bears, coyotes, and wild mustangs from the pens of our zoölogical biographers, than to any accepted type of Wild West fiction. While the picturesque and mirth-enlivened Wyoming of "The Virginian" no longer exists—we have Mr. Wister's own word for it, and still less accessible is the New Mexico of "Santa Fé's Partner"—did it ever exist outside the easily stimulated imagination of Mr. Janvier?—the Arizona of "The Texican" is still open to exploration. To be sure, times have changed in "Geronimo County" since the day when Pecos Dalhart came out of an oppressively civilized Texas to enlist as free lance in the guerrilla cattle-war between John Upton of Tonto Basin and Isaac Crittenden of Verde Crossing. The authority of the law has superseded

> The good old rule, the simple plan
> That they shall take who have the might,
> And they shall keep who can;

and the ingenious artistry of the "running iron" is less in requisition among its cowboys. But a very brief sojourn in any small Arizona town will familiarize the visitor with such a physical type as "Old Crit," "tall, gaunt, and stooping, his head canted back to make up for the crook in his back." And in the eye of the plainsman to-day as he looks over the effeminate town product, there is to be recognized a curiosity devoid of all admiration, very closely akin to the expressions, both facial and verbal, with which Pecos in jail warded off the ingratiating reporter who thought to make copy of his woes. "He turned on the reporter and scowled. 'Go take a run and jump at yourself,' he said." It is when he approaches the cowboy in this attitude of amused and sympathetic observation that Mr. Coolidge is at his best. He has found nothing so hilarious or so rich in theatrical effect as the other two above-mentioned authors discovered in their happy hunting grounds; and as for his way of telling his story, he only speaks right on in unpretentious fashion with occasional boyish lapses into the vernacular. Yet he seems to us to have hit a good deal nearer than the others the real feelings that are at the bottom of the esoteric quality of Western humor.

BROWNING'S POPULARITY.

The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning. Four Lectures, by Thomas R. Lounsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.20 net.

Professor Lounsbury's lectures at the University of Virginia on the Barbour-Page Foundation are justified by the biographies which contain a mass of mythical statement on a few events in the poet's career. Contrary to prevailing opinion, and indeed to Browning's statements, the reception at first accorded his poetry was cordial. "Pauline" (1833) doesn't count. It was issued anonymously and for two decades was forgotten. "Paracelsus" (1835), one of his finest studies in character and sensation, did not have a large sale. No poetry produced in the fourth decade of the last century did have a large sale. But it received no contemptuous notice and did evoke glowing predictions of his future achievements. Forster's review in the *Examiner*, usually described as "the great event in the history of 'Paracelsus,'" was in reality no more influential than William Johnson Fox's in the *Monthly Repository*, or Leigh Hunt's in his *Journal*. *Fraser's Maga-*

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zine somewhat aggressively proclaimed the poem superior to Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde," the work which had attained highest critical repute in that decade. Browning's biographers have simply not looked into the matter. No work created a profounder impression than "Paracelsus" among the awakened spirits of the time. Contemporary notices of "Strafford" (1837) reveal how high was the anticipation of it raised by the previous publication, and how keen the disappointment. Of "Sordello" (1840) Professor Lounsbury says: "Perhaps there is no instance in literary history of an author who proceeded to destroy his own reputation with more systematic endeavor. . . . Certainly never were efforts of that sort attended with more overwhelming success." He recounts some of the familiar stories, such as that of Douglas Jerrold, who, after starting on the book, sank back in despair on his sick-bed with the exclamation, "Oh, God, I am an idiot!" But more valid are the estimates in the leading authorities. Not a favorable word can be found for the poem, even in the obscurest quarters. Thus began the eclipse of Browning's reputation. "Pippa Passes" (1841), poetry of a high order, was ignored. "Dramatic Lyrics" (1842) and "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics" (1845), containing his work of the most sustained excellence, were received with indifference. The general public, even of the highly educated, Professor Lounsbury infers, had been turned against Browning by their disappointment over "Sordello."

As for the plays, the records prove that they were unsuccessful, maugre the poet's protestations to the contrary. "Strafford" was for five performances kept on the stage only by the combined drawing power of the greatest actor and actress of the time, Macready and Helen Faucit. More contested is the fortune of "A Blot i' the 'Scutcheon," which, according to the poet's treacherous memory of events, was prematurely cut short in a career of triumph. In reality it was performed but three nights in all, and to dwindling houses, was then withdrawn for old plays, and was not again acted during the remaining sixteen weeks of the season. Moreover, on its revival by Samuel Phelps, it was presented only eight times during the entire season of 1848-9. As a writer for the stage Browning certainly was not successful. But Professor Lounsbury is not content with establishing this fact. He proceeds to argue that Browning was no dramatist at all. Part of his criticism is just. The poet was interested in poignant situations, not in the succession of events, nor in the plot or action. He depicted individual states of soul, not the interplay of various characters. The dialogue is frequently hard to follow. But it is not a catholic criticism that applies to "A Blot i' the 'Scutcheon" standards that properly apply to "As a Man Thinks" or "Mid-Channel." Browning wrote poetic dramas, not realistic transcripts from everyday life. The common-sense attitude that finds "A Blot i' the 'Scutcheon" ridiculous would look upon "Philaster" as a patchwork of silly romantic situations, and would characterize the tragic Othello as a drivelling idiot, because even an ordinary man could have seen on five minutes' reflection that Desdemona's unfaithfulness was a physical impossibility. In other words, Professor Lounsbury's judgments, suggestive as they are, leave out of account some elements necessary to a perfectly valid conclusion.

Indeed, behind the whole investigation lurks an animus that for some may negative its truly valuable results. Professor Lounsbury has been so sorely annoyed by Browning's obscurity that he has set out to prove that this obscurity alone blighted for thirty years a promising reputation. The present immense vogue of the poet he attributes largely to the artificial interest created by Browning societies, which are nevertheless hurting the poet by centring attention on the most unpoetic parts of his work. Yet there is a tonic quality in these eminently sensible views, couched as they are in a lucid, vigorous style, touched with humor and irony. They should especially fall into the hands of devotees like the feminine enthusiast who exclaimed after listening to a reading from her adored poet: "If we did not know how splendid this whole thing is, what a horrible bore we should think it to be." Such enthusiasts will accept not one of Professor Lounsbury's critical opinions, but they cannot controvert the facts he has adduced.

Ecce Deus. By William Benjamin Smith. Jena: Diederichs.

The distinguished mathematician and philosopher of Tulane University has been devoting many years to the study of the origins of Christianity, and has gathered together an immense amount of material more or less ready for publication in defence of the thesis, already promulgated in the first edition of his "Der vorchristliche Jesus" (1906), to the effect that the Jesus of the New Testament was not a man like Buddha or Confucius, but God or a God (it is not perfectly clear what *deus* means as applied to Jesus) like Mithra, the God of a secret cult whose existence may be traced to pre-Christian Jewish circles. The attack on Arthur Drews, the first part of whose "Christusmythe" was handled mercilessly by German radical critics, induced Professor Smith to waive for a while the intended logical order of the publication of the vast stores of accumulated material and to come without further ado into the debate, taking up the cudgels with the avowed purpose of showing the critics what the fundamental question at issue really is, and of indicating, by select examples, the kind of evidence he has completely at his command in unpublished manuscript in support of his somewhat surprising contention. Hence "Ecce Deus" now, and hence the German dress.

The reader should bear in mind that Dr. Smith professes an interest not only in religion but in the Christian religion, "our religion," as he allows himself to say. To be sure, he is careful not only to distinguish sharply between religion and ethics (a separation which is not conspicuous in the Jewish prophets or in the utterances commonly ascribed to Jesus), but also to inform us in a highly ornate passage that the Himalaya summits of ethics were not reached in the New Testament, and that no such dizzy heights of pure morals tower above us there as in the second book of Plato's "Republic." The reader should likewise bear in mind that the volume is avowedly an attack upon the historical method of such scholars as Wellhausen, Schmiedel, and Harnack, and that even in the learned appended discussions of such points as "the pillars of Schmiedel," "the silence of Josephus and Tacitus," "Nazareth," and "Judas Iscariot," the audience to whom he speaks is ever before him.

The drift of the book, stated dryly in the reviewer's own language, seems to be about this: Traditional theology accepts as credible the extraordinary events commonly called "miracles," and believes that Jesus is both God and man, a credulity and belief which no unprejudiced modern man (for whom alone the work is intended) can share. Unitarian theology is intellectually as deficient as the traditional, for it is impossible to explain the worship of Jesus *quasi deus*, if Jesus were a Jewish teacher who said some beautiful things about God and man, waiving the fact that most of the sayings attributed to him are equalled in Jewish thought and surpassed in Greek. Now, as matter of fact, there is no thinkable *tertium quid* between Jesus as Man and Jesus as God. It follows that if he was a man, Christianity is inexplicable; if he was a God, the hypothesis of an historical man Jesus is superfluous. Again, as matter of fact, Jesus was no more man than his early rival Mithra.

So convinced is Dr. Smith of the truth of his thesis that he ventures to affirm that if there were no positive evidence for the existence of the pre-Christian Jesus cult, it would be necessary to postulate the fact in order adequately to account for Christianity. At the same time, he is aware of the possible rejoinder of his critics, that the positive evidence hitherto adduced for the Jesus cult is meagre, that the argument from silence is a two-edged sword, that the

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interpretation of the New Testament, apart from the Gospels, is special pleading, and that, above all, the Gospels themselves purport to narrate the sayings and doings of an historical person like Isaiah and Jeremiah. The last point is confessedly important, for the Gospels exist as literary documents. But existence is not interpretation. The critics have been unable to reach a consistent method of interpretation and have as a result of their failure lost themselves in the mazes of subjectivity. What do the Gospels intend? To the Tulane professor it has been given to know the clue to the exegesis of the Gospels. To be sure, he has had some predecessors, but none so rigorous, thoroughgoing, and scientific as he. The clue is allegory. The Gospels are not the evident reminiscences about a man but the occult annals of a God. In the Gospel of Mark, for example, when rightly that is allegorically interpreted, there stands forth in its purity, unsullied by the human spots found in the Fourth Gospel, Jesus the God of a secret cult. As Dr. Smith insists, it is a question of method. "Ecce Deus" is dedicated to the *Manes* of Origen.

The most annoying thing in this amazingly clever book is the persistent aroma of finality which envelops the discussion in general and the exegesis in particular. This finality is to the older historical method the only heresy of which a scientific student is capable. However, due allowance must be made for the polemic and popular trend of the argument.

Kansas in the Sixties. By Samuel J. Crawford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2 net.

This is a plain, unvarnished frontiersman's narrative of war and peace; it is also an interesting contribution to a period in the history of his State, which is too little known. No one can put the book down without feeling that he has been close to a remarkable figure, a State-builder of rugged personality, indomitable will, and no little power. To understand Kansas, either in its *Sturm und Drang* period of the fifties or in the sixties, one must know something of the character of its men. Gen. Crawford reached Kansas after the battle for Free Soil had been won, for he did not cross the boundary of Kansas Territory until March 1, 1859, just a month after John Brown had left Kansas soil forever. The Territory was then looking forward, after five years of trial by fire, to an era of peaceful development, only to become itself, in part, the battleground of a far greater and more terrible civil war than it had yet experienced. How rapidly things moved in this virgin territory appears from the fact that Crawford, the young immigrant, was deemed a perfectly qualified Kansan by December, 1859, for he was then chosen to the first State Legislature. In May, 1861, he got leave from the Legislature to raise a company for the defence of the Union, and from then until November 8, 1864, when not yet thirty he was elected Governor of Kansas, he was steadily in the field, retiring as Colonel of the Second Kansas Colored Infantry to become the head of a State of which he had been a resident, but little more than five years.

That Gen. Crawford was a gallant soldier, every one in Kansas knows, and the outsider cannot fail to be convinced of it by this narrative. Not that there is anything of the swashbuckler about the author; but the vigor of his personality and the number of his accomplishments speak for themselves. Particularly stirring is the story of his colored regiment and the risks of cold-blooded massacre they took when they volunteered. Gen. Crawford writes with much of the intensity of feeling of the sixties. If there are still unreconstructed Rebels, here is an unreconstructed Northerner, and we confess to have found the acquaintance refreshing in these days when so many would have it appear that there was nothing more at stake than a polite difference of opinion as to whether one's servants should be paid or unpaid. But if the ex-Governor can still deliver ringing volleys at his quondam enemies in gray, it cannot be overlooked that his feelings sometimes carry him away. His recollections of some of his battles would have been much strengthened by a more careful consultation of the records. Thus his account of his troops firing over Gen. Lyon's body at Wilson's Creek is incorrect. His account of the battle of Prairie Grove, for another instance, is open to far more serious criticisms. It is well, therefore, to read his battle accounts for their stirring stories of brave deeds rather than for historical truths.

The latter part of Gen. Crawford's book relates to his civilian experiences; but even here the military intervenes, for one of his first acts as Governor was to visit Washington and the troops of the Army of the Potomac. Moreover, as he resigned from the army to become Governor, so he resigned as Governor in November, 1869, to become colonel of the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry, a six months' regiment raised to make a winter campaign under Sheridan against the hostile Indians of Kansas. Though few know it, Kansas under Gov. Crawford was compelled to place troops in the field to aid the regular army against Indians, for four successive years, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868-69. Gen. Crawford writes as one familiar with Indian brutalities, with little or no sympathy for the red man; yet he was a leader in the effort to drive out traders who supplied them with whiskey and guns, and he helped to defeat the scandalous efforts to rob some tribes of their lands. This entire phase of his book makes sad reading, with its record of bloodshed and governmental blundering. But here, too, the historian of the future will find much of value.

Problems in Railway Regulation. By Henry S. Haines. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

This book is in a sense a continuation of the author's previous volumes, for although it treats to some extent the same subject matter as is to be found in "Restrictive Railway Legislation" and "Railway Corporations as Public Servants," this treatment serves merely as a summarized introduction to the discussion of the urgent problems of the present day. The six preliminary chapters of an historical character show that the author has supplemented his practical railway experience with a thorough study of transportation history, and that he is possessed of rare skill in presenting vividly and concisely the salient facts in the formation, extension, reconstruction, and regulation of our railway net. Doubtless because of the author's service with the "Plant System" and his interest in the South, more attention is given to Southern railway development than is usual among transportation historians, and much new light is thrown upon this neglected section of the country.

The problems treated are eight in number—incorporation, finance, construction, operation, traffic, discrimination, rate-making, and labor. Whether the reader agrees with the writer's conclusions or not, he will be impressed by the calm handling of topics, by the total absence of bias, and by the modesty with which personal opinions are expressed, and he will be brought into familiar touch with all the questions that are the subject of present controversy.

Problems of incorporation arise largely in connection with reorganization, merger, and consolidation. Separate State Governments are impotent in respect to such transactions as are revealed in these gradual concentrations of corporate power, but the Federal Government may say how the franchises shall be exercised in interstate commerce. The benefits of such unification of management are to be derived from suitable traffic arrangements authorized by Federal authority rather than by merger of the corporations themselves. Financial problems have to do largely with questions of capitalization and the limitation of earnings. Here the author takes a sound position, but one which in the light of Supreme Court decision can only be regarded as heterodox, that any physical valuation of our entire railway system seems impracticable; that in the event of inordinate profits to certain railways from what appear to be

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reasonable rates when levied by competitors, the excess over a reasonable return is to be taken by the treasury through a graduated tax; that interference with existing capitalization would create injustices that would more than offset any advantages to be gained thereby, and that Federal supervision should intervene, if at all, only with respect to the issue of new securities and then reluctantly and tentatively because of the danger that its policy will be subject to political influences.

Discussion of the problems of traffic, discrimination, rate-making, and labor all leads in one direction, a plea for a certain degree of liberty for the railways in the making of rates, and permission to establish traffic associations under Federal jurisdiction. In the light of the recent sweeping rate decisions of the Commission, the issue is no longer between shippers and railways as to reasonable rates, but rather between railways and the Commission as to reasonable profits. Materials and supplies are controlled by the industrial Trusts. Wages are fixed by the brotherhoods and the Federal board of arbitration. In the recent rate cases, labor for the first time aligned itself in a common cause with the managements and demanded that rates should be adjusted to the trade-union wages scale. As a result of the Commission's present authority and its exercise, tariffs are becoming hardened on the existing rate basis. Capital is imperatively demanded for improvements. In the midst of these conflicting demands and requirements, the only relief is to be found in a reduction of the cost of transportation, and the possibilities of this policy as a source of future profits are still problematical.

A few errors have crept into the book. The date of the formation of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission is given as 1879, which is an obvious misprint for 1869. The "commodities clause" does not prohibit railway companies "from engaging in mining or producing any commodity entering into interstate traffic"; it merely prohibits railways from transporting in interstate commerce commodities which they have mined or produced. It should have been stated that the figure of average capitalization per mile for the United States in 1908, $71,819, includes duplications due to the holdings of the securities of one railway by another. The figure of net capitalization was $57,201. The English road engineer's name should be Telford, not Telfair. The statement that cost of performance per traffic units "has been increasing since 1902" is a little misleading because, according to the author's own statistics, the expense per ton-mile was higher in 1904, and per passenger-mile in 1907, than it has been since. Finally, there is danger of misconstruction of the statement that cost of railway plant to date "is a fact established by the records." It is true only where intelligible records are available.

American Socialism of the Present Day. By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph.D. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

John Spargo, who writes an introduction to this work, uses moderation in saying, "Miss Hughan makes what I venture to predict will be widely and generally recognized as a very valuable contribution to the literature of Socialism." There are evidences here not only of prolonged and minute investigation, but also of sound mental digestion. Miss Hughan has, indeed, produced a most scholarly and dispassionate treatise. Though she has not aimed at any of the graces of style, we find, when most needed, great clearness of diction. Seldom, for example, does one walk amid the pitfalls of Karl Marx's dialectic with so sure a tread. Those who have looked in vain to others for an interpretation of Marx may advisably entrust themselves to her guidance.

Miss Hughan sets out to answer two questions: "Does there exist, or to what extent does there exist, a consistent Socialist movement in the United States? Only after such a movement is clearly identified can we proceed to inquire, What are its principles and tactics, its strength and its weakness, at the present time?" She shows that such a party does exist, though it is not so easily identified as in European countries. In England, the name Socialism is comparatively little used, but the thing itself is clearly in evidence, chiefly in connection with the Labor party. On the Continent, on the other hand, sixty years of controversy around the points raised by Marx and Engels have evolved a scientific doctrine. In the United States there has been no continuous evolution of either measures or doctrine. Not until 1892 was there anything that could properly be called an American Socialist party, and even now, declares Miss Hughan, the current saying that Socialists are "of 57 varieties" reflects the prevalent impression, both popular and academic. Since, however, both the Socialist party and the Socialist Labor party have an accredited place in the socialist movement of the world, each being represented in the International Socialist Bureau, they must be taken, through their official utterances, as the spokesmen of American Socialism.

An interesting distinction between this country and Europe is pointed out:

> The acknowledgment of leadership is foreign to the principles of Socialism, which emphasizes the class rather than the individual, and economic rather than personal forces. Such hero worship as that of Lassalle by the German workers of the last generation is repudiated by American Socialists; and many of the internal polemics which appear to outsiders as serious discussions are in reality merely a rough discipline administered to would-be leaders who forget their place as servants of the organization.

To the student of the philosophy of history this distinction might perhaps be construed as a reflection on the intelligence of the Socialist party in the United States. Yet it is by no means certain that if a Liebknecht or a Bebel, to say nothing of a Lassalle or a Marx, had arisen in this country the personal equation would have played a more insignificant part here than in Germany. It may, indeed, have been a sound instinct which, in view of the material actually at hand, has made the Socialist party in America minimize the idea of leadership. Leadership of a sort there has, of course, been.

The part played in American Socialism by Marx's theories is discussed by Miss Hughan with clearness and not a little shrewdness. Not his theory of surplus value, but his economic interpretation of history, with the consequent doctrines of the class struggle and the fall of capitalism, forms, in our author's opinion, the basis of scientific Socialism. "The apparent ignoring of surplus value in American propaganda is not to be ascribed to such a repudiation of this doctrine as that of the Fabians Hudson and Shaw, but to a realization that the Socialist movement is founded upon economic determinism and the class struggle rather than upon the analysis contained in 'Capital.'" In other words, the American Socialist, if we read Miss Hughan aright, loves not "Das Kapital" less, but the "Communist Manifesto" more—a generalization which we suspect comes pretty near the truth.

Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins. Written and compiled by his son, L. C. Collins. New York: John Lane Co. $3 net.

It seems but yesterday, though in fact the event dates from September, 1908, that we were shocked by reading the news of the tragic death of one of England's most militant and vital scholars. Professor Collins's body, it will be remembered, was found in a channel near Lowestoft under circumstances that strongly suggested suicide. In the present memoir his son gives reasons for supposing that the death was accidental. Professor Collins, though ordinarily of buoyant temperament, was subject to intermittent and inexplicable fits of insomnia and mental depression. When he left Birmingham on the holiday from which he was never to return, "he seems to have been, if not very, at least mildly depressed." But no thought of death, apparently, was in his mind. We may quote at some length from the reminiscences of William MacKay, both because they show the normal state of Collins's mind, just before the fatal

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event, and because they give perhaps the most vivid picture of the man to be found in the present memoirs:

> The Professor was at his best when he was illustrating and expounding the writers whom he loved. As he "reeled off" long quotations with marvellous verbal accuracy, with perfect enunciation, and with a curious haunting undertone as of music, one could not but envy those students whose high privilege it was to hear him from week to week in the lecture-room at Birmingham. His memory was prodigious. One night the conversation turned on Swift. He asked me if I remembered the conclusion of Taine's chapter on the Dean. He leaned farther back in his chair, took his pipe from his mouth, and with half-closed eyes turned to the ceiling, he repeated, without once stopping for a forgotten word, the whole of that magnificent passage. He seemed to derive some acute pleasure, as of a physical kind, from the act of reciting the ringing periods of the eloquent Frenchman. The sentences cover two or three pages of Taine's "English Literature" . . .
>
> The night before that upon which he met his death, Professor Collins spent with me. We were alone . . . And there opposite me as I write these memories is the basket chair in which he liked to sit huddled up, pipe alight, head leaning back, as he inveighed against the charlatans or gave shape to his appreciation of the great ones. His attacks and his appreciations were alike remarkable for clearness of statement as for beauty of phrase.

The next night, contrary to his wont, he took a sleeping draught and slept out of doors. Later, while wandering perhaps half unconscious in the dark, he fell into the water.

The present memoir is a worthy portrait of a man who made many enemies by his outspoken criticism of slovenly work, but who had also the warmest friends. The book suffers less from the indiscriminate inclusion of uninteresting letters than do most of the swollen biographies now written in England, but it might still be reduced somewhat without disadvantage. We get a striking picture of the scholar's enormous activity as lecturer and writer, of his fight for recognition ending in the professorship in the University of Birmingham. Despite his inveterate bookishness, he kept also his interest in life, especially, it may be added, in the shady side of life. Those who read his article in the *National Review* of December, 1905, on the "Mersham Tunnel Mystery" will not be surprised to know that, like some other good and great men, he was powerfully attracted by the mysteries of crime and imposture, and was, for instance, so far absorbed in the intricacies of the Tichborne case as to seek the acquaintance of the claimant. In 1903, he helped to found a society commonly called the Murder Club, which is still in existence and the objects of which, though secret, are easily surmised. He sketched the plot of a detective story which has since been written out by A. C. Fox-Davies and is soon to be published as "Rastchuk's Revenge."

Professor Collins got to know most of the celebrities of his day, and the pages of the present memoir are not lacking in entertaining stories and observations. Some of the latter are not free of causticity, as witness this entry in his diary:

> With Browning I was miserably disappointed; there was marked *vulgarity* about him, particularly in his accent and in the tone of his voice, & a certain indescribable savor of *sycophancy* of a man eager to be of a grade to which he did not belong; but the poet was there—the poet's keen eye—the poet's heart—obvious in his remarks and descriptions.

Notes

The "Episodes" to "Vathek," which it was feared had been lost, but which were discovered by Lewis Melville, will be published by Stephen Swift & Co. Mr. Melville will write the introduction, and the translation from the French, in which the "Episodes" were written, will be made by Sir Frank T. Marzials.

University life in England in the early eighteenth century is said to be well pictured in a forthcoming volume to be printed by Messrs. Bell for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, entitled "Cambridge Under Queen Anne"; it represents in part the literary remains of the late J. E. B. Mayor.

Andrew Lang has written a "Short History of Scotland," in one volume, which Blackwood promises for next month.

The beginnings of civilization are sketched by Miss Florence Holbrook in "Cave, Mound, and Lake Dwellers, and other Primitive Peoples," a new book announced by Heath & Co., who also have in hand Dr. E. D. Daniell's "Latin Drill and Composition."

McClurg & Co. will shortly publish a new book, by Herbert N. Casson, on "Ads and Sales."

The Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia announces its removal on January 1 to Nos. 218-226 South Eleventh Street.

The "Pervigilium Veneris," edited with a translation into English verse by Elizabeth Du Bois Peck, is issued by the Elm Tree Press of Woodstock, Vt., in an edition of one hundred and twenty-five copies, eighty-six of which are for sale at $5 each, postpaid. The book is printed from type on Van Gelder hand-made paper, and the Latin text is illuminated with a large initial in four colors, based on that in the Codex Thuanus, and with two Byzantine ornaments, also in four colors, designed by Dela P. Mussey.

A timely publication is a reprint from the Century Co. of Robert Hichens's "Spell of Egypt," without the illustrations by Jules Guérin and at a correspondingly lower price ($1.25 net).

A neat illustrated edition of Percival Lowell's "Soul of the Far East" comes to us from Macmillan. Looking at the original date of copyright we are surprised that it goes back to 1888. The book has remained so alive in memory that one needs such a reminder that he read it more than a score of years ago.

The "Memoirs of W. W. Holden" (Lawson Monograph II; Trinity College Historical Society) present the writer's own version of affairs in North Carolina during his two terms as reconstruction Governor. They reveal the author's limitations and the difficulties before a Republican Governor in a Southern State under the Congressional plan, a side of reconstruction history for which the records are none too abundant.

Houghton Mifflin Co. has brought out a popular edition of Henry M. Stanley's "Autobiography." In its present form it contains sixteen illustrations and an excellent map.

To Everyman's Library, E. P. Dutton & Co. add this month forty-seven volumes: Biography: Irving's "Life of Mahomet," with introduction by Prof. E. V. Arnold, and Cliphant Smeaton's "Life of Shakespeare."—Classics: Aristophanes's "Comedies," Vol. II, the final volume, and Horace's "Complete Poetical Works,' with introduction by Prof. John Marshall.—Essays and belles-lettres: Bagehot's "Literary Studies," two volumes, with introduction by George Sampson; "The Federalist," by Alexander Hamilton and others, with introduction by Prof. W. J. Ashley; Rousseau's "Emile, or Education," translated by Barbara Foxley, and Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places, or Etymological Illustrations of History, Ethnology, and Geography," with introduction by Edward Thomas.—Fiction: "Old St. Paul's," by Harrison Ainsworth, with introduction by W. E. A. Axon; Balzac's "Country Doctor," with introduction by George Saintsbury; Disraeli's "Coningsby," with introduction by Langdon Davies; Dostoieffsky's "Prison Life in Siberia," with introduction by Mme. Stepniak; Mrs. Gaskell's "Silvia's Lovers," with introduction by Mrs. Ellis Chadwick; Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," with introduction by Ernest Rhys; Bulwer Lytton's "Rienzi," with introduction by E. H. Blakeney; George Sand's "Devil's Pool and François the Waif," with introduction by Ernest Rhys; J. von Scheffel's "Ekkehard: A Tale of the Tenth Century"; Tolstoy's "War and Peace," in three volumes; Turgeniev's "Virgin Soil," translated by Rochelle S. Townsend, and Whyte-Melville's "The Gladiator," with introduction by J. Mavrocordato.—History: Mommsen's "History of Rome," four volumes, translated by W. P. Dickson, with a review of the work by Prof. E. A. Freeman.—Oratory: "Select Orations," from Demosthenes, with introduction by C. Rann Kennedy.—Philosophy and theology: Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics," translated by D. P. Chase, with introduction by Prof. J. A. Smith, and David Hume's "Treatise on Human Nature, and Other Philosophical Works," two volumes, with introduction by A. D. Lindsay.—Poetry and drama: Ibsen's "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," and "Warriors of Helgeland," translated by R. Farquharson Sharp, and Sir Walter Scott's "Poems and Plays," two volumes, with introduction by Andrew Lang.—Reference: "Atlas of Literary and Historical Geography," Vol. II, America; Eric Smith's "Dictionary of Dates," for readers of literature and history, and Walter P. Wright's "Encyclopædia of Gardening," illustrated. — Romance: Bulfinch's "Legends of Charlemagne"; Sir George Da-

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sent's "Story of Burnt Njal," a translation of Njals Saga, and Eugene Mason's "French Romances and Legends of the Twelfth Century."—Juveniles: Sir Samuel W. Baker's "Cast Up by the Sea," with introduction by F. J. Simmons; Chaucer's Tales retold by Charles Cowden Clarke; C. E. Collidi's "Pinocchio, or the Story of a Puppet"; E. A. Freeman's "Old English History for Children," and "True Annals of Fairy Land: The Reign of King Herda," edited by William Canton, illustrated

Albert F. Calvert has for many years devoted himself to the artistic exploration of Spain, and his series of illustrated monographs on Spanish cities is long and well known. Pursuing his former methods and making use of a good deal of his former material, he has now, in two handsome quarto volumes ("Spain"; Dutton), undertaken a comprehensive survey of the chief artistic monuments of the entire kingdom, including Galicia and the Balearic Isles. A compact letter-press accompanies the profuse illustrations, but the latter are confessedly the main reason and attraction of the work. A novel feature is the reproduction in color of a group of water-colors by Trevor Haddon. The larger number of these have to do with Granada and the Alhambra, and of most of them one would say that either the note is too low or that they have been dimmed in the reproducing. But several are adequate and charming, and the sketches done at Ronda and Seville and Cordova are vividly truthful. The whole work is ambitiously planned, and the achievement must be pronounced satisfying. Mr. Calvert's volumes make an undeniably strong appeal to lovers of historic Spain.

Ezra S. Tipple of the Drew Theological Seminary, has with his "Lady" (who might well have been left out of the account) made a pleasant book of pilgrimages to "Some Famous Country Parishes" (Eaton & Mains): the homes of Keble, George Herbert, John Fletcher (of Madeley), Baxter, Tennyson (father of the poet), and Kingsley. The influence of the quiet rectories of England upon her scholarship and literature is a story full of charm and quaintness still to be told. The present unpretentious volume touches on that theme lightly, but is for the most part in the vein of the ordinary book of summer travel. The descriptions of the places are clear, and the characterizations of the men are just, so far as they go.

In "The Province of the State" (London: P. S. King & Son), Sir Roland K. Wilson maintains the Spencerian theory that the only valid reason for the existence of a state is the certainty of continual strife if every man were to be judge in his cause. Access to this "justice shop," as he calls it, should be absolutely free, and the expense it would entail should be made up by the curtailment of the action of the state in other directions. The *bête noire* of the author is popular education, provided by the state; even the earliest and most limited of the Education Acts is pronounced to have been a step in the wrong direction. There is scarcely any attempt made to sustain the theory on theoretical or philosophical grounds. The argument is nearly always an argument of convenience.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell has evidently forgotten that where there's a will there's a way. In "The Tariff in Our Times" (Macmillan), she opens her brief preface (one of the few portions of the volume that have not already appeared in magazine form) with this assertion:

> It takes no extended examination of any period in the last fifty years—the term covered by the book—to convince an unprejudiced student that as far as the tariff is concerned public opinion has never been fairly embodied in the bills adopted. If the popular understanding of protection as expressed in our elections had been conscientiously followed, there would be to-day no duties on iron and steel products, on cheap cottons and cotton mixtures, and certainly none on a great variety of raw materials, probably including raw wool. . . . This volume is an attempt to tell in narrative form the story of this defeat of the popular will.

If this were true, no stronger indictment could be written of popular government. There has not been a time in a great many years when Miss Tarbell has not held a brief for the people, and, like a true advocate, she has never failed to sublimate her client. It could be devoutly wished that the people were as pronounced in their attitude to the tariff as she implies. As a matter of fact, their feeling appears, on the whole, to have been one of bovine indifference. No one, we suspect, will look for science or philosophy in this book. Its merit—and a very considerable merit it is—lies in the entertaining character of the narrative. The pages bristle with personal allusions; the dry bones in the valley of our economic past have been clothed with flesh and blood. Yet Miss Tarbell is as artless as she is artful: she knows how to make the best use of her material, but her motive is always sincere, her zeal always unaffected, and her search for facts always indefatigable.

A highly important and very welcome contribution to the history of the war of secession is "Die Deutschen im Amerikanischen Bürgerkriege," by Wilhelm Kaufmann, a volume of 610 pages, with 36 maps and plans, which has just been published by R. Oldenburg in Munich. The patriotism of the German Americans at the outbreak of the civil war and their earnest efforts to save the Union have been generally appreciated; but there has been much unjust criticism of their conduct as soldiers, and fatal mistakes have been attributed to them of which they were wholly innocent. Thus, the severe defeat of the Union army in the battle of Chancellorsville in 1863 by Stonewall Jackson was ascribed by the press to the cowardice of the German troops, and this view was maintained for about twenty years, until Gen. Doubleday in his full and faithful account of the combat showed its utter falsity. Kaufmann also proves conclusively that if Hooker, the commander-in-chief, had listened to the advice of Sigel, Schurz, and other German officers under him, he would have won the victory. Carl Schurz urged that the accused should be tried by court-martial for their supposed offences, but no heed was given to his request. The book contains also many interesting communications concerning the personal relations of the German generals to Abraham Lincoln.

The fourth volume of "The Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances" (Carnegie Institution), edited by H. Oskar Sommer, contains the Second Part of the prose "Lancelot del Lac," and brings down the narrative through the adventures of Mordred. It was at this point that Paulin Paris ended his modernization of the romance in his "Romans de la Table Ronde," giving in an appendix merely a partial analysis of the concluding division, known as the "Agravain," which is to appear as part iii of Dr. Sommer's edition. As was observed in an earlier notice of this work, the volumes containing the "Lancelot" are much the most important of the whole series, for this branch, unlike the other branches of the cycle, has not been printed since the sixteenth century. The text is an exact reproduction of that which is found in the British Museum MS. Additional 10293, without change even of capitals or punctuation. Variant readings from the other manuscripts of the romance in the British Museum are occasionally given, and the pagination of these manuscripts is systematically indicated except where the texts were too different, so that it will be easy to consult them for any passage in the present edition. Furthermore, head-lines and side-notes enable the reader to follow the narrative readily. Dr. Sommer has also given in an appendix a variant version of the curious story of the False Guinevere, who for a time ousted the genuine Queen from her throne and Arthur's affections, and an extract from the very condensed narrative of this part of the romance found in MS. Royal 19, C. XIII. It is to be observed that for the greater part of the narrative covered by this volume the text of MS. Additional 10293, as Dr. Sommer himself notes, represents only one of two parallel versions that are extant. Until the other is also printed, it will, of course, be impossible to say which of the two versions represents best the romance in its original form. Here is a good opportunity for the Romance departments of some of our larger universities. As regards the contents of the present volume, they are of very unequal quality. The "Lancelot" is evidently a composite work, and whereas the story of the False Guinevere is one of the most interesting episodes in the romance, the latter part of the volume—that which follows on the prose rendering of Chrétien's "Conte de la Charrette"—is insipid beyond belief. There are many indications that this part of the "Lancelot" was a late addition. Along with the continuation of "Merlin," it was probably the latest portion of the vast cycle of romances which Dr. Sommer is editing. The present volume shows the same typographical excellence as its predecessors. We notice, however, one error, on p. 186, where two lines of the text have been made to exchange places.

John Bellows's "French and English Pocket Dictionary" has now been enlarged and brought out for desk use as a "Dictionary of French and English, English and French" (Holt), revised by William Bellows, with the assistance of Auguste Marot and Gustave Friteau. By elaborate typographical signs a great deal of information is conveyed in brief compass. Thus a dot (·) after a word indicates that the last letter is silent but subject to *liaison;* two dots (¨) indicate that the last letter is not even pronounced in *liaison.* The work requires some familiarity with the system of signs, but is extremely ingenious, and, when understood, useful.

Yale University has just received from one of its graduates, Owen F. Aldis, a col-

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lection of first editions of American authors, together with many manuscripts, which is said to be probably the largest and most comprehensive of its kind in existence. It contains nearly six thousand volumes. Of these several hundred are of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, the rest are nearly complete collections of the writers of belles-lettres in the nineteenth century. Among its treasures are the only perfect copy known of Charles Brockden Brown's "Alcuin"; all the rarer books of Bryant except the "Embargo of 1808"; probably the best collection of Cooper in existence; Washington Irving complete; a copy of Poe's "Al Aaraaf" and a copy—one of three copies known to exist—of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; every rare item of Whittier except one early pamphlet on slavery, two later ones, one broadside, and one or two London pamphlets.

Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, whose death is reported at the age of seventy-five, was connected with several newspapers in Scotland and elsewhere, and was one of the founders of the Institute of Journalists. Besides "Studies and Sketches of Landseer," he wrote biographies of Disraeli and Garfield.

A plea for Anglo-German friendship, in the *Contemporary Review*, is from the pen of Noel Buxton, who writes with knowledge and self-restraint. England's rôle in the controversy over Morocco has aroused intense bitterness in Germany. How long, asks Mr. Buxton, are the two nations to continue snarling at each other across the North Sea? He proceeds to argue that the only way out of an increasingly menacing situation is a *rapprochement* between England and the Empire. Nothing in the Anglo-French *entente* stands in the way, unless it is the British intention to justify Germany's complaint that the *entente cordiale* is not a mere arrangement for self-defence, but a combination to thwart and humiliate the Kaiser's government. Mr. Buxton finds that no valid reasons exist against a friendly arrangement with Germany; and the mechanics of the thing is simple: "The anncuncement of the agreement, a couple of royal visits, a few hints to the press, and a speech by a popular minister—these would turn the public mind, without shadow of doubt, from enmity to a cordial attachment in three months."

La Revue prints a number of interesting letters from the poet Béranger to Jules Michelet. Readers of those gay *chansons* in which the Gallic spirit is so characteristically revealed are apt to forget that the private life of the author of the "Roi d'Yvetot" was almost exemplary, and that his passionate faith in democracy and the Revolution never wavered. At any rate, we find the French Anacreon writing to the philosopher-historian letters of a most serious and sober judgment on men and things. Béranger was Michelet's elder by eighteen years, but he addresses the latter as "cher et illustre maître," and in one exceptionally ardent communication which begins "cher et incomparable maître" he calls Michelet "the Rembrandt of history," and informs him that the last two volumes of the "History of the French Revolution," after being fairly devoured, had been lent to Lamennais. It is a collocation of names that the French like to think typical of themselves only.

The art of controversy is on the decline but still shows occasional flashes of its ancient vigor. In the *English Review* for November there is a lively bit of give and take on the subject of Thomas Carlyle, between Frank Harris and Alexander Carlyle, a kinsman of the author of "Sartor Resartus." In the February number of the *Review* Mr. Harris had published "Talks with Carlyle," being the account of several conversations with the Sage of Chelsea, dating back to the years 1877-78. In these talks, Carlyle is represented as revealing his most secret thoughts and sorrows to a young literary aspirant, then quite unknown. This and other reasons have moved Carlyle's kinsman to describe Mr. Harris's talks with Carlyle as imaginary and to present his case in a brief paper that begins promisingly with a citation of the good old Scottish proverb, "Leears should hae gude memories," and concludes with the expression of belief that Satan and Mr. Harris would make an excellent pair of collaborators. Between the beginning and the end we find a complete armory of descriptive epithets—"liar," "defamer," "libeller," "vile calumniator," "basely ungrateful," "cynically brutal." The interest of Mr. Harris's reply consists not so much in the fact that he reveals a pretty little talent of his own for scarification, nor yet in the emphatic reassertion that Carlyle did unbosom himself to this young and fervent admirer. Mr. Harris vouches for the truth of Froude's story that Carlyle used to beat his wife, maintaining, at the same time, that no true admirer of Carlyle would be influenced thereby in his estimate of the genius of the man. "Passionate lovers know well that such petty violence is more than common," says Mr. Harris. It was only the well-groomed public that gloated over the fact, "as evidence of its own superiority to Carlyle."

Carlyle's "Cromwell" is the subject of a well-informed paper in the *Mercure de France*, by Henri Mazet, who supplements his interesting analyses of Cromwell and Puritanism with a comparison between the English revolutionists of 1649 and the French revolutionists of 1793. As individuals the Englishmen fall far behind. They were not only wanting in "the winning grace and the chivalric altruism and the broad horizon of our constituents," but they had some very positive vices, greed being not the least among these. The Feuillant is a more agreeable figure than the Presbyterian, the Montagnard than the Independent, and the *émigré* than the cavalier. But when you take the two nations in mass, there is no comparison. Then the Frenchmen of the Revolution appear in the light of cowards or madmen. Through cowardice the Terrorists slew and through cowardice the nobles let themselves be slaughtered like sheep. Whereas the Puritans, with all their narrowness, uncouthness, fanaticism, and hypocrisy, did reveal the two necessary qualities of success, energy, and *sangfroid*. Thus we are brought back to the familiar classification of the race psychologists. What is not so familiar is the apparent thesis, in the mouth of a modern Frenchman, that the Revolution was a modern failure.

The plea for the construction of an international air map for aviators made by the Frenchman, Charles Lallemand, at the Portsmouth meeting of the British Association, and the animated discussion aroused by it, occupy a prominent place in the *Geographical Journal* for November. The remaining work of the Geographical Section at this meeting is described by Prof. A. J. Herbertson of Oxford. The problems which Africa still presents to the explorer are stated by F. R. Cana, and notes upon an ancient map of early American discoveries are given by O. A. Derby.

Science

NATURAL HISTORY IN AUSTRAL-ASIA.

SYDNEY, October 23.

More than seventy years ago the Australian Audubon arrived in Australia with a mission to observe, capture, and describe the birds indigenous to the island-continent. Originally an undergardener at Windsor Castle, John Gould was no novice in ornithological science. He had published "European Birds" that gave him a European reputation. He was now to reap still more glorious laurels. So completely did he accomplish his task that subsequent observers have added but little to the achievement. While Gould, between 1838 and 1840, described 682 species, another alien, Gracius Broinowski, only twenty years ago, described but 700. To this date only 800 species have been recorded. Gould's truly magnificent work was issued to about 150 subscribers at a cost of £150 a copy, and now it can be procured for neither love nor money. Broinowski's admirable work, originally costing eight guineas, is also rapidly passing into the unprocurable stage. To fill the places of these two classics, the enterprising publishers, Whitcombe & Tombs, have produced, at the low price of a guinea, a book of Australian birds that satisfies all reasonable demands.* The plates are numerous and excellent; many of them are colored; and all, when compared with Gould's or Broinowski's works or with personal observations (the present writer is a devoted haunter of the bush), are found to be faithful likenesses. Gould is sparingly corrected, and it is wonderful how seldom the great old naturalist stands in need of correction. A more indispensable or a more trustworthy treatise is not likely to be soon produced.

A charming companion volume we owe to J. A. Leach. Though it costs little, it is remarkably complete.† Illustrations of above 80 per cent. of all known species, both colored and plain, make of it a perfect "pocket book for field use." Running notes at the bottom of the page add to its attractions and its utility. The author and his in-

**The Birds of Australia.* By A. H. S. Lucas and W. H. Dudley Le Souëf. Melbourne, 1911.

†*An Australian Bird Book.* By J. A. Leach. With Introduction by Frank Tate. Melbourne, 1911. 3s. 6d.

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troducer, who is director of education in Victoria, are enthusiasts for their subject, and they are bringing up the children of Australia to be bird-lovers like themselves. They seek to clear their feathered pets of the charges strangely brought against them by English-bred immigrants. None of the Australian poets is in general more true to nature than Gordon, and yet he can sing of his adopted country as one,

> Where bright blossoms are scentless,
> And songless, bright birds;

and the calumny conveyed in these uninspired words has been perpetuated. Mr. Leach and Mr. Tate triumphantly appeal to the bell-bird, the harmonious shrike, with its powerful, swelling notes, the warbler, the wren, the Australian lark, that exquisite mimic the lyre-bird, and above all that glorious songster the (Australian) magpie. The inability of immigrants to perceive the beauty of the songs of Australian birds was due to the lack of associations. Gordon loved the English birds because he had heard them from infancy, and, even more, because he was saturated with the poems that had been dedicated to them; but memories and associations were wanting to clothe the wild-wood songs of Australian songsters with beauty. On the other hand, native-born Australians are disappointed with the songs of the nightingale, and contrast the thrush, the blackbird, and—no, *not* the skylark—by no means to their advantage, with their own songsters.

Australia claims to be the most highly developed of the bird-regions of the world. Three of the four families at the head of the avifauna are stated to be absolutely confined to this continent. Unique and archaic forms of bird-life are here found. Other species reach here their highest development. The emu, Australia's solitary wingless species, is the second largest living bird. The mallee fowl ranks among nature's wonders. The black swan, partly through Mill's "Inductive Logic," has advertised Australia all over the world. The Australian eagle is the largest in the world. The parrots and cockatoos are of gorgeous plumage and almost unique. When Mark Twain visited Australia, the bird that he, as a humorist, naturally most wanted to see was the laughing jackass. To the English immigrant like Marcus Clarke the kookaburra bursts into "horrible peals of semi-human laughter"; but Mr. Tate finds the laughter of this "feathered comedian" to be infectious and he confesses that, "innumerable times," the strange bird has provoked him "into an outburst as hearty and as mirthful as its own." The lyre-bird, with its splendid tail, is also the sole survivor of a grand species, and it is the prince of mockers. The marvellously beautiful birds of paradise are found only in Australia or its adjacent islands. Like these "birds of God," the bower-bird and the mound-bird are unique.

An instructive account of the protective coloring of both birds and animals mediates a transition to a book on animals, generally so-called; but, indeed, we are still mainly among the birds.‡ The author, Dudley Le Souëf, who is a naturalist by right of inheritance, is director of the zoölogical gardens at Melbourne. In his rambles through a great part of Australia the author has made hundreds of observations that will be welcome to naturalists and delightful to all readers. In the deeply shaded gullies and the densely timbered ranges of Victoria he found snakes in abundance, and they are still numerous within seven miles of Sydney, as the writer of this letter can bear witness. Yet he has never seen in them "anything approaching" the fascination of birds. Mr. Le Souëf must have been unlucky in his experiences. There can be but few rural Australians who have not observed that notable phenomenon. Nor has he ever seen a snake swallow her young. This again has been repeatedly observed by good observers. Yet his snake-lore is abundant. Raising an issue maintained by Darwin and opposed by Wallace, he cites a writer who has seen the dance of the lyre-bird, when the female seemed to be silently choosing her mate. At the same time the male birds were observed to advance and recede, turn, bow, whirl, hop, and run about the ground. While they thus behaved, they repeatedly raised and lowered their tails, visibly admiring them as they turned back and gazed; and they whistled beautifully. Is not this true sexual selection? Mr. Le Souëf has also much information to communicate, from direct observation, of those rare surviving links between the mammals and the reptiles or the birds—the platypus and the echidna.

These are scientifically described by A. H. S. Lucas.§ Isolated from the rest of the world for the greater part of its geological history, Australia has witnessed the unique evolution of a large number of mammals and other animals. Though these have often a foreign origin, reaching back to an age when there was a land-bridge to the islands of the Malay archipelago, and though they sometimes retain traces of an Asiatic, Indian, American, African, or Indian physiognomy, they have been completely differentiated in Australia. The dingo (a dog) is the most highly organized. The sea-bear, sea-lion, and sea-leopard are specialized. The dugong, still common in the waters of Queensland, is the original of the mermaid, and its human resemblances have been magnified by illustrations and stories. The carnivorous opossums excepted, the marsupials, the products of isolation, survive in Australia alone, and yet the anatomist has discovered a structural link between them and the other theria. The egg-laying mammals are curiously compared with the higher mammals and minutely described. The snakes and lizards are scientifically delineated, and, like all the other species, their visual aspects are brought vividly before the reader by means of well-executed illustrations. A more complete or a better manual of the subject does not exist.

The Animals of New Zealand have one character in common with the animals of Australia: they consist mainly of birds. While, in the work thus named,‖ the mammalia are described in less than 30 pages, the birds receive more than 300, the reptiles 15, and the amphibia only one. Well may Mr. Drummond say that the fauna of these islands of the Far South abounds with contradictions and surprises and is full of eccentricities. There are no four-footed animals that divide the hoof. The only land-mammalia are two bats. The sole reptiles, the lizards, are few, but one is absolutely unique and of ancient lineage. The avifauna is most remarkable for its wingless species. The gigantic moa has been extinct, possibly, for hundreds of years, but the notornis, its contemporary and congener, though supposed to be extinct, has been found so recently as 1898. The kiwi is known as the most remarkable bird of New Zealand, and is a striking anomaly. The most unbirdlike of living birds, it accumulates the characters of several orders; it borrows its head from the waders, its legs from the gallinæ, and its wings from the moa or the ostrich.

In a large and handsome volume, devoted to the flowering plants of New Zealand, the authors have classified these in accordance with Engler's evolutionary ideas, and they reject the systems of Bentham and Hooker.¶ The New Zealand flora, like its fauna, is largely unique, and is a study of development produced by isolation. Three-fourths of the flowering plants at this land's end of the world are met with nowhere else. Only in Chili are lianes and epiphytic growths found in equal abundance. Large considerations determine certain problems. Thus, a characteristic feature of the sombre and cathedral-like New Zealand forest is its dense and tangled undergrowth. How explain that? We can at least arrive at its origin. The existence of an Antarctic continent has now (it is considered) been definitely proved by means of the researches of New Zealand botanists, and these incline to believe that the ancestral species of New Zealand are of

‡*Wild Life in Australia.* By Dudley Le Souëf. 7s. 6d.

§*The Animals of Australia.* Melbourne. 12s. 6d.

‖*The Animals of New Zealand.* By F. H. Hutton and James Drummond. 3d. ed. 12s. 6d.

¶*The Plants of New Zealand.* By R. M. Laing and Ellen W. Blackwell. 12s.

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continental derivation. Now, the undergrowth in the sub-Antarctic islands of New Zealand (as has been shown in the *Nation*, January 19, 1911, p. 70) is still denser and more entangled than that of the primeval forest in New Zealand. What more natural than to assume that the New Zealand undergrowth had its origin in those islands, unless, indeed, we assert that the undergrowth of the islands had its origin in New Zealand?

We have no space left to review the companion volume on the plants of Australia, by W. R. Guilfoyle.** Those treated of are chiefly trees, shrubs, and climbers, and, like all the volumes of the series, this one has directions for their cultivation. It is nobly illustrated. Taken all together, these books form the nucleus of what might be called the Australasian Naturalist's Library. J. C.

Two science books are added this month by Dutton to Everyman's Library: Robert Boyle's "Sceptical Chymist," and "Naturalist in Nicaragua," by Thomas Belt, with introduction by Anthony Belt.

A bulletin is in preparation by the Department of Agriculture on the distribution and migration of herons, cranes, and rails, similar in scope to the one recently published on the shorebirds.

The first International Eugenics Congress will be held next summer at the University of London.

A new theory to explain the rings of Saturn is urged by Professor Birkeland of Christiania, who holds that they are produced by electric radiation from the planet, and are "renewed, so to say, every instant."

Dr. Eugene Wasdin, a widely-known surgeon in the United States Marine Hospital service, died on Friday of last week, aged forty-two. He was stationed in Buffalo at the time of the assassination of President McKinley and was one of the surgeons that performed the operation and attended McKinley during his illness. Dr. Wasdin had been decorated by the King of Italy for his researches in the suppression of yellow fever in that country.

Thomas Hall, the inventor, whose keyed typewriter won a prize at the Paris exposition of 1867, died in Brooklyn on Sunday, at the age of seventy-seven.

Frederic Cope Whitehouse, whose hobby for many years was the irrigation of Egypt, died in this city a week ago, at the age of sixty-nine. He was graduated from Columbia College with highest honors in 1861 and later studied in France, Germany, and Italy. For his efforts to regulate the River Nile he was made commander of Osmanieh and grand officer Medjidieh. In 1882 he discovered the depression in the Egyptian desert known as the Wadi Raiyan, and wrote many papers advocating its use as a storage reservoir.

****Australian Plants.** 15s. All the volumes here reviewed may be procured from Whitcombe & Tombs, Little Collins Street, Melbourne, Australia, or from the same publishers, Addle Hill, Carter Lane, London, E. C.

Drama

Molière's "Les Femmes savantes," edited by Murray P. Brush, is in Macmillan's list.

The Irish Players, of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, made their first appearance in this city, in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, on Monday evening, and won a positive but not an overwhelming success. Their ability as actors seems to have been exaggerated, but it is possible that they may appear to better advantage in later representations. In light comedy or in the quieter passages of domestic drama, they exhibited a delightful naturalness, their diction, dress, deportment, and gesture being perfectly characteristic of the peasant class which they represent. But in more exciting episodes they reveal the need of artistic training to supplement the resources of natural intelligence. Their general freedom from self-consciousness, exaggeration, and staginess is their greatest virtue, but of perfect naturalness upon the stage, as of some other very good things, there may be too much. There is no doubt that the effect of their work could be much improved by the use of a little legitimate artifice. A mistake was made in not beginning with a more weighty and significant programme. Of the three pieces presented, "The Rising of the Moon," "Birthright," and "Spreading the News," the first and third, both by Lady Gregory, are of very light calibre. "Birthright," by T. C. Murray, is a genuine bit of domestic tragedy, assigned to Ireland and described according to Irish conditions, but not, so far as its incidents or temperaments are concerned, peculiarly characteristic of that country. Bat Morrissey, a harsh, hard-working, narrow, unimaginative farmer, is enraged with his eldest son, Hugh, because the latter loves sport rather than labor, and aspires to be a gentleman, having inherited a certain refinement from his mother, who adores him and always defends him. Bat is further angered because his favorite younger son, Shane, has made up his mind to go to America. Matters come to a crisis when a sudden frost menaces the farm, and the best mare on the place breaks her leg, while Hugh is away merry-making. Suddenly, Bat decides to disinherit Hugh and send him to America in Shane's place, keeping the junior at home as his prospective heir. Maura, the mother, strives in vain to keep Hugh and his father apart, but they meet, and, in a passionate scene, Hugh learns his fate. Immediately he is filled with hatred of his brother, whom he assails with the utmost bitterness for supplanting him. Finally, there is a terrible fight, in which Hugh is strangled to death and Shane flees. This is a gloomy tale, only relieved by the mutual love between Maura and her first born, but it is well and powerfully told and almost from the first grips the spectator with a sense of impending calamity. The character-drawing is uncommonly clear and consistent, and the part played by inherited disposition in bringing about the final catastrophe is indicated with skill, logic, and dramatic force. In many respects the play is a superior work, and it is, on the whole, well acted, though not brilliantly. Sydney J. Morgan furnished a rugged sketch of the old father, and Eileen O'Doherty a very truthful study of a fond, foolish, and thoroughly subdued old Irish woman. The actual fratricide was a striking bit of realism.

At a meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund, held at Burlington House, November 10, Dr. A. S. Hunt gave the following description of the newly discovered fragment of a satyric play of Sophocles. We quote from the London *Times* of November 11:

When found, the papyrus in question was, as usual, much broken up; in fact, the various fragments were not even all obtained in the same year. But they had fitted together remarkably well, and as now arranged made up the first sixteen columns of the play, accounting for over 400 lines, of which about one-half were complete or easily completed, and many more sufficiently well preserved to be intelligible. Since the length of a satyric drama seemed to have been considerably less than that of the ordinary tragedy the amount recovered might well represent as much as the half of the original whole. The play was the "Ichneutæ," or "The Trackers," of which practically nothing beyond the title was previously known. It was based upon the familiar myth of the exploits of the infant god Hermes—his theft of Apollo's cattle and his invention of the lyre. Apollo, in an opening speech, announced the loss of the cattle, for which he had vainly sought, and offered rewards to the finder. Silenus then appeared with his attendant Satyrs, and proposed to join in the search. Encouraged by Silenus, the chorus started out on the quest—they were the "Trackers" from whom the play was named. They soon discovered traces of the cattle, leading to the entrance of a cave; but here they were alarmed by curious sounds which they did not understand—the notes of the newly invented lyre with which Hermes was amusing himself down below. Silenus upbraided them for their timidity, and at length himself knocked at the barrier, and a nymph emerged. In answer to their questions, she explained that she was the nurse of the child who had been lately born to Zeus, and whose abnormal growth was so startling, and told them of his invention of the lyre. But she stoutly defended him against the imputation of being concerned in the theft. They remained unconvinced; some cowhide admittedly had been used in making the lyre, and there were the tell-tale tracks on the ground. While the dispute was in progress Apollo returned and accepted the evidence offered by Silenus and the Satyrs as entitling them to the promised reward. Here the papyrus broke off; no doubt in the sequel Hermes appeared on the scene and appeased Apollo by the gift of the lyre, as narrated in the Homeric hymn.

The long association between Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier comes to a close in December with the revival of Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" at His Majesty's Theatre in London. Mr. Bourchier will resume management at his old theatrical home, the Garrick. This he has arranged to do about the beginning of February, soon after the termination of Oscar Asche's tenancy of the house. He will have a new piece by Alfred Sutro, who provided him with one of his most enduring successes, "The Wails of Jericho." The play bears the title of "The Fire Screen," and contains four acts, dealing with modern English life. Mr. Bourchier and his wife, Violet Vanbrugh, play the principal parts, and with them will be associated Kate Cutler and J. Fisher White.

The new Liverpool Repertory Theatre was formally opened on the 11th instant, with a performance of "The Admirable Crichton." This is the fourth repertory theatre in the United Kingdom, the other three being at Manchester, Dublin, and Glasgow. Similar

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enterprises exist in two Australian cities, and a beginning is soon to be made in Canada. The case of Liverpool is interesting, since the new theatre is a citizens' theatre. The venture, technically speaking, is the property of a company called "The Liverpool Repertory Company, Limited," registered under the Companies (Consolidation) act, 1908, with a nominal capital of £25,000. Of 20,000 shares offered for subscription to the public at £1 each, with a dividend limited to 6 per cent., no less than 13,000 have been taken up, there being 1,100 shareholders representing all classes of local society.

The well-known actress, Miss Darragh, for some time leading lady with Miss Horniman; Basil Dean, who worked with Miss Horniman from the beginning of her Manchester venture, and the Liverpool Playgoers' Society appear to be the founders of the new venture. The lady, the gentleman, and the society, in order to ascertain the feeling of the Liverpool public on the subject, ran a repertory season at Kelly's Theatre in the spring of this year, and during six weeks produced ten plays, including "Strife," and works by Barrie, Masefield, and Sudermann. They made a net profit of almost $4,000. Naturally, this induced them to go ahead. The company was formed, shares were issued, and the Star Theatre in Williamson Square was bought, redecorated, and enlarged, and perfected by the introduction of mechanical appliances similar to those that have proved successful at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin. A winter and spring programme has been arranged, which is to include: "Justice," "The Critic," "The Cat and the Cherub," "Katawumpus" (at Christmas matinées), and plays by Granville Barker, Haddon Chambers, McEvoy, Gilbert Murray, Pinero, Sutro, and others.

Marie Löhr, one of the most popular of the younger English actresses, will pay her first professional visit to the United States late in 1912.

Music

Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. By Rose Fay Thomas. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3 net.

The entire musical world joins in deepest sorrow over this terrible bereavement. The passing away of the illustrious Theodore Thomas is an irreparable loss to our art, for scarcely any man in any land has done so much for the musical education of the people, as did he in this great country. The purity of his character, the firmness of his principles, the nobility of his ideals, together with the magnitude of his achievements, will assure him everlasting glory in the annals of artistic culture.

When Theodore Thomas died, on January 4, 1905, there was a great outpouring of affection, grief, and honor for the departed orchestra chief, and thousands of telegrams and letters of condolence were sent to the widow. Among them was Paderewski's tribute, just cited, which in a few words explains why Thomas was so widely esteemed both as an artist and as a man. These words form the concluding paragraph of the Memoirs which his second wife, Rose Fay Thomas, has just given to the world. They might equally well have been placed on the title-page as the text for the 569 pages of Mrs. Thomas's fascinating story. Theodore Thomas's life was for several decades the life of a musical frontiersman, of a pioneer who had to put forth Herculean efforts to cut his way through the thickets of ignorance, indifference, and prejudice which covered this continent when he crossed the ocean as a boy of ten. If there were no red Indians for him to fight, as he grew up, there were plenty of white enemies, as treacherous and cruel as any savages; newspaper writers and others who, instead of aiding him in his great cultural work, did all they could to discourage it.

Young Thomas had publicly appeared in Germany as a "wonder-child," and the blind King George of Hanover was so much impressed with his violin-playing that he offered to pay for the boy's education. Luckily, the lad preferred to emigrate to America. New York, in 1845, was a town of two-story houses with pigs roaming the streets and eating up the refuse. Musically, matters were no less primitive; the only thing the boy could do was to play at parties and balls. It was characteristic of him that, instead of doing such work in a perfunctory way, he made it serve in lieu of practising studies and exercises. As a player in theatre orchestras he became familiar with the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, and other great poets. Having heard Jenny Lind and Henrietta Sontag, he endeavored to reproduce the luscious quality of their tones on his instrument, which resulted in his being pronounced, some years later, "America's most accomplished violinist." With William Mason and other musicians he rehearsed and played, for fourteen years, the best chamber music. There was no profit in this (Mason, in fact, had to meet deficits annually), but it gave Thomas his mastery of the string choir of the orchestra and his deep insight into the classical school of music.

That he was a born conductor was shown by the manner of his début, in 1860. One evening, when the audience was already seated at the Academy of Music, word was received that the conductor was ill. Would Thomas take his place? He did take it, though he had never conducted before, nor seen the opera to be sung (Halévy's "Jewess"), and with perfectly satisfactory results. He continued his connection with the opera for two years, and then appeared at the head of a concert orchestra in the field in which he did his great pioneer work. This soon ceased to be local, and became national. Theodore Thomas was not only one of the first to give New Yorkers their musical education (in the beginning he found it inadvisable to put more than one movement of a symphony on a programme), but he soon extended his mission to a number of other cities by establishing his musical "highway" which included, on the outward trip, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, and on the homeward trip Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia. In later years, when Chicago became his home, he brought the same influences to bear on other cities, including St. Paul, Omaha, St. Louis, Nashville. Mrs. Thomas cites remarks from newspapers in these cities, all agreeing that never before had such splendid performances been heard there.

Boston was one of these towns. It is not now generally remembered that for twelve years Thomas supplied that city with its best orchestral pabulum. In 1893 Mr. Higginson offered him the conductorship of his great symphony orchestra. It was just what he would have liked best: a cultivated city, an excellent orchestra, no stooping to conquer, but, on the contrary, a law that there must be a symphony on every programme. But he had in the meantime established his orchestra in Chicago, and although the undertaking was at that time in a state verging on collapse, loyalty to his musicians and gratitude for those who had aided him induced him to decline the Boston offer —an offer which, it may be added, had in it the quality of reparation, because it was the establishment of Mr. Higginson's orchestra which, by cutting off Boston and other New England cities from Thomas's profitable "highway," had made it necessary for him to rely chiefly on New York. But conditions in New York had become unfavorable, because of the competition of rival organizations, and, particularly, of the German opera, which absorbed the interest of the same class of music-lovers who had previously given him their patronage.

New York's loss was Chicago's gain. At first that city was by no means prepared to give a profitable welcome to one with such high ideals; but Thomas's iron will triumphed over all obstacles. In the annals of music there are few chapters so interesting as those in which Mrs. Thomas relates how the great conductor gradually enlisted the sympathies of the captains of industry in that city, persuading them, with the aid of his friends, not only to pay the necessary deficits, but to erect for him a special building, Orchestra Hall, which now remains as a monument to his ideals and his perseverance. Thomas was not only an executive musician; he also was thoroughly expert in the scientific aspects of his art. His Notes

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on the Construction of Music Halls, which take up four pages of this book, contain invaluable instructions for architects who may be called upon to build homes for the rapidly increasing number of orchestras in this country. Unfortunately, he died shortly after the new hall had been completed; died of pneumonia only a few weeks before he was to have returned to New York as conductor of the season's last Philharmonic concert. On this occasion his thousands of admirers were planning to give him an ovation such as few mortals had ever received—an ovation which they hoped would help to allay the bitterness he had felt at having been obliged to leave the metropolis after educating the public up to "concert pitch."

It was certainly a cruel fate; but it was only one of the many tragedies of his career. For years his concerts did not cover expenses, but he took the deficits on his own shoulders, always paying his players conscientiously. In 1876 he was nearly $20,000 in debt. He hoped that his concerts in Philadelphia during the exposition would recoup him; but the vast throngs were not interested in music. His indebtedness was so greatly increased that the sheriff sold all his possessions, including his splendid library of valuable annotated scores. Luckily this was obtained by Dr. Franz Zinzer, a man who was not only a philanthropist but a humorist. He rented the scores to Thomas for $100 a year, and wrote to his wife, "if you lend him one of the works, tell him to take good care of it."

The Chicago Columbian Exposition ended even more disastrously. The story of it is told dramatically by Mrs. Thomas. One of its compensating incidents was that it brought Thomas a number of interesting letters from prominent European composers and conductors. These are included in the volume, as are many of those he received at other times. From the smallest of these composers up to Liszt and Wagner, all expressed their gratitude to him for bringing out their works in the New World. He was constantly doing this in advance of European conductors, and those of the composers who had the opportunity to hear his orchestra testified that there was none better in Europe. Rubinstein, for instance, remarked in 1873: "Never in my life have I found an orchestra and a conductor so in sympathy with one another, or who followed me as the most gifted accompanist can follow a singer on the piano." Whenever Thomas went to Europe he was also cordially welcomed and entertained by the great musicians. Of his experiences on these trips he fortunately left a record in the form of diaries—brief but extremely pithy and pungent. They give an insight into the keenness of his judgment that will surprise his most intimate friends. Equally delightful, though in a different way, are the letters he wrote to the woman who became his second wife, the author of these Memoirs. They reveal the affectionate, domestic side of this great character, his love of nature, his kindliness when he was not needlessly irritated, his sufferings, during his "highway" tours, in the wretched hotels of the time, and a hundred other things, to which the author adds her own observations made during years of real companionship.

Mrs. Thomas has written the most important, the most interesting, the most instructive, the most romantic book ever published on music in America, a book which moves to tears as well as to laughter, brimful of anecdotes and with flashlights on music in nearly all its phases. It is one of those books which make a reviewer sigh at the end of his columns because of his inability to convey to the reader an adequate idea of its worth.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the present manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, used to be known in Milan as the "Tedesco," because he produced so many German operas at the Scala. When he came to New York a foolish attempt was made, by persons apparently unfamiliar with his record, to create the impression that he would make the Metropolitan the home of Italian opera, to the exclusion of Wagner. It cannot be denied that he has shown a certain prejudice against French opera; but Wagner has been particularly favored under his régime, having had more performances each season than even Verdi or Puccini. The latest evidence of his interest in German opera is the production, last Saturday, of Thuille's "Lobetanz," an opera which has held its own in Germany for thirteen years, but had never been heard in America. Kurt Schindler, a pupil of Thuille at the Royal Academy of Music in Munich, suggested it to him; and when he heard it abroad he became enthusiastic over its musical charms. The scenery was ordered in Berlin; Alfred Hertz rehearsed the score, and conducted it *con amore*. The principal singers in the cast were Gadski and Jadlowker. The libretto is by the well-known German novelist, Otto Julius Bierbaum. It belongs in the realm of mediæval romance, and has real poetic merit. Lobetanz is a strolling fiddler who wins the love of a princess, is accused of witchcraft, thrown into prison, taken out to be hanged, but pardoned, because, by his fiddling, he revives the apparently lifeless princess, who becomes his bride. Musically, the first two acts are rather dull. The third, on the contrary, has not one tiresome bar. The dungeon scene, in which the fiddler makes the prisoners join in a dance of death, is as grewsomely realistic as any of the music written by Berlioz or Liszt. The royal procession to the scene of execution, headed by forest horns, is exquisite, and extremely droll is the finale, in which once more the fiddler shows the power of music by making all, including King, hangman, and judges, indulge in a merry waltz, this time a dance of life and love.

The Symphony Concerts for Young People will give the first concert of their fourteenth season next Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, will play at five of the six concerts this season; the junior and senior orchestras of the Music School Settlement being the performers on the afternoon of March 2. According to the custom of several years, the first programme will be devoted to music of the classic German period, including two numbers of Beethoven. Mr. Damrosch will give a brief analysis of each composition, explaining its musical construction, and playing the principal themes on the piano. The soloist on Saturday will be David Mannes. The programme includes Symphony No. 6 (the Pastoral, Beethoven; violin solo, Romanza in G, Beethoven (David Mannes); overture, "Oberon," Weber. On December 16, the orchestra will have the assistance of a quartet from the choir of the Musical Art Society in presenting a programme of Christmas music from many lands.

Chopin died at the early age of thirty-nine, of consumption. In view of this fact, a movement has been started in London to commemorate the great composer in a novel way. It is intended to endow a bed in some sanatorium or convalescent home for pulmonary complaints, to be called "The Chopin Bed," and to be kept solely for professional pianists who may need help of the kind.

Art

The Invention of Lithography. By Alois Senefelder. Translated from the original German by J. W. Muller. New York: The Fuchs & Lang Manufacturing Co. $5.

Whatever the reason may be for the publication of this book at the present time, one may regard with satisfaction this new tribute to the memory of Senefelder. He was not only the inventor of lithography, but, as several have pointed out—for example, the late Louis Prang in his introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition of lithographs at the Grolier Club in New York, 1896, and Georg Fritz, "Handbuch der Lithographie," 1901—he also realized virtually all processes of the art, excepting those based on photography. His treatise dealt not only with various possibilities of pen, crayon, and "touche" drawing, but with color printing, transferring, and transfer-paper. It ends with a reference to the substitution of metal plates for the Solenhofen stone; that method is in vogue to-day in aluminography. Mr. Muller's translation is very apparently done with great care and conscientiousness. In fact, his loyalty to the original leads him to use the literal rendering "cold needle" for *Kaltnadel* (p. 99), instead of "dry point," and *Herr* Bartolozzi, on the same page, looks a bit droll. One need not insist on such an occasional misprint as Pol-

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ten for Pölten (p. 70), but Andre for André is used consistently. What is more surprising is the statement, in the translator's preface, that the original German edition appeared in 1821. The 1821 issue is the unchanged second edition of the "Vollständiges Lehrbuch," which made its first appearance in 1818. Moreover, the first edition was accompanied by a *Sammlung von mehreren Musterblättern*, a collection of sample plates illustrating the various processes described. One is led to believe that Mr. Muller and his publishers did not know of this, as it would have been natural to issue reproductions of these plates with the translation. An English version by "A. S." appeared in London as early as 1819. This does not vary essentially from the present one, except in some omissions and in not always so faithful a rendering of the original.

Senefelder laid a solid foundation; to-day, as Friedrich Hesse says, in his recent work on color printing ("Die Chromolithographie," 1906), "no other graphic process, excepting photography, is applied in such a multiplicity of ways as lithography." And into the field of the photomechanical processes, chromo lithography has entered to a remarkable extent. Lithography represents a signal instance, among the older reproductive processes, of a coöperation with processes based on the initial action of the camera. Almost from the beginning, painters used lithography as a means of original expression, a painter's art. Such striking contrasts of manner and method as the verve of Gavarni, the exuberant richness of Isabey, the joyous lightness of Whistler, the unctuous sweep of Sargent, the silver-point delicacy of Legros, and the sonorous technique of Menzel, well emphasize the wide range of possibilities inherent in the grease crayon and the stone or transfer-paper. Yet apart from Pennell, Sterner, Haskell, Mielatz, A. B. Davies, John Sloan, and Glackens hardly an American artist of to-day is doing even an occasional lithograph.

The special autumn number of the *International Studio* is devoted to "Peasant Art in Austria and Hungary." There are five essays by native experts and about a hundred plates, many colored, presenting eight hundred objects. The peasant art of Austro-Hungary is really no more homogeneous than the people that produce it. The present album will afford many puzzles and much entertainment to the collector of peasant wares. Of this singularly varied product the most attractive in one reader's opinion are those Dalmatian and Croatian textiles in which Venetian and Levantine motives predominate.

Sales to be held in Paris shortly include Corot's Femme à la Perle.

A Winter Salon for paintings and sculpture will be held from January 21 to February 28 at the Grand Palais, Champs Elysées.

Three paintings have been purchased by the French Government from the Autumn Salon: Jacque Martin's Fleurs et Fruits d'Automne, René-Juste's Avant la Pluie, and Louis Paviot's Roses Blanches.

Philip Gengembre Hubert, the architect, who came to this country from Paris in 1849, died at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., in his eighty-first year. He designed a number of large apartment houses in New York, being the originator of the coöperative apartment.

Finance

WALL STREET, MR. ROOSEVELT, AND THE TRUSTS.

When Wall Street, after stocks had begun to rise from the sharp decline of the first half of last week, was looking about for explanations, it found before it Mr. Roosevelt's article on the Trusts. The article was long. The excerpts published in the newspapers consisted mainly of Mr. Roosevelt's defence of the Steel Trust (especially as regarded its purchase of the Tennessee Coal in 1907) and his assertion that the present relations of government and Trusts are "not satisfactory" and that "the effort to prohibit all combinations, good or bad, is bound to fail." It was on the basis of these paragraphs that Wall Street said it was Roosevelt's article that caused last Friday's rise in stocks.

But the question which aroused some curiosity among those who had read the whole of the *Outlook* article was whether Wall Street had read the whole of it. For there was a good deal more contained in it. It denounced the Circuit Court's decision in the Tobacco Trust dissolution. It urged that the actions of Trusts like the Standard Oil and American Tobacco should be, "if possible, punished in the persons of the chief authors and beneficiaries of the wrong." It also argued that a government commission should undertake "supervision, regulation, and control of these great corporations," and that this control should "indirectly or directly extend to dealing with all questions connected with their treatment of their employees, including the wages, the hours of labor, and the like."

This was a pretty comprehensive programme. Possibly it is awkward for Mr. Roosevelt that stocks should have risen on its publication; but the stock market might not have read the whole paper. Or perhaps the market might have been in line for going up because of other influences, and applauded the article merely because stocks were going up when it was published. Or, it is remotely conceivable that Wall Street is politically fascinated with Mr. Roosevelt—as it was in 1904 and in June, 1910—and may feel like trying him again for President. But that very hypothetical question again rested largely on the question, what Wall Street would think of that part of the *Outlook* article which it had not read.

The one certain thing about the incident was that it gave a somewhat new turn to the Trust controversy, in which every one is now engaging. In the closing days of 1907, when all the world was discussing the "currency situation," the man who did not have a new and complete solution of the problem up his sleeve was looked upon as a poor-spirited creature, hardly fit to engage in discussions at the street-corner or on the elevated train. Very much such a state of things has now been created in the "Trust situation." It was discussed to a large metropolitan audience, two weeks ago, by the Federal receiver of a New York street railway system; it was discussed to a still larger one, this week, by a college president, a lawyer, a United States Senator, and a member of the Stanley committee. No private citizen, at his office or his club, is permitted to be without a final opinion on the subject, and it was altogether to be expected that Mr. Roosevelt would join the controversy.

Boiled down, his declarations, so far as they contribute anything new to the controversy, propose two things only—that bad Trusts be utterly demolished, and that good Trusts be placed under intimate supervision of a government commission, to see to it that they do not become bad Trusts. It is true, the article declares with very great emphasis that "it is absurd to treat the size of a corporation as in itself a crime." But this was merely to repeat what has been already said, with much greater clearness and precision, by President Taft, by Attorney-General Wickersham, by the Circuit Court opinions in the Tobacco Trust dissolution matter, and by the Supreme Court. It is a settled question; the *obiter dictum* of the lower court in 1908, concerning the two express wagons, is entirely dead.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards the admittedly wicked Trusts involves his attack on the Tobacco reorganization plan, which is denounced as "miscarriage of justice." Wall Street, which had received that decision with every symptom of relief, oddly ignored, in its response of last week, that part of the article. Mr. Roosevelt's emphatic conclusion is that a Trust guilty of conduct such as the Tobacco Trust's "should be absolutely disbanded."

But this is not wholly clear. Just how disbanded? By separation into single factories as units? By discharge of all workmen and shutting-down of the business? The proposition is more vague and indefinite even than the proposition of the independent tobacco people, and that was vague enough. The court and the attorney-general, unfortunately, could not stop with vague suggestions. They were required to formu-

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late or approve a concrete plan. In doing so, they were compelled to ask whether the Anti-Trust law was designed to exterminate a business because of its past objectionable practices, or only to prevent its resorting to them again.

They also had to keep always in their mind the fact that decision on the form of dissolving the confessedly wicked Tobacco Trust would have to serve as precedent in the conceivable case of a Steel Trust dissolution, and that respect for continuity in judicial interpretation required them to give at least some heed to the *pro rata* distribution plan fixed for the Northern Securities. Incidentally, it is to be remarked, concerning that leading precedent, that it was established under the Roosevelt Administration, and that the form of dissolution was insisted on by his own attorney-general, whose attitude was in every respect what Mr. Wickersham's has been.

As for the government commission idea, it remains to see how the serious financial community will take it. The plan will surely receive its share of Congressional discussion. It offers in some regards an easy way of shelving an awkward question. It would also offer some interesting possibilities of future dictation of prices of commodities by a Federal board; the suggestion which financial circles took so ill when Judge Gary fathered it, before the Stanley committee. Mr. Roosevelt would have this only for "monopoly prices." But there is the whole discussion open again; for when do prices become "monopoly"?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aïda. (Famous Operas.) Edited, with introduction, by W. J. Henderson. Dodd, Mead. 50 cents net.

Allen, W. H. Woman's Part in Government, Whether She Votes or Not. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.

Anderson, B. M., jr. Social Value. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1 net.

Anderson, N. D. The Voice of the Infinite, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Anderson, Robert. An Artillery Officer in the Mexican War, 1846-7. Letters, with introduction by E. A. Lawton. Putnam.

Archer, William. The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer. Moffat, Yard. $3 net.

Bacon, E. M. Manual of Ship Subsidies. Chicago: McClurg.

Baedeker's Austria-Hungary, including Bosnia. Eleventh edition, revised. Scribner. $3.

Bailey, L. H. Farm and Garden Rule-Book: A Manual of Ready Rules. Macmillan. $2 net.

Barker, Elsa. Stories from the New Testament, for Children. Duffield. $2.

Barrett, S. M. Mocco: An Indian Boy. Duffield. $1.25.

Batcheller, T. B. Italian Castles and Country Seats. Longmans. $5 net.

Beach, E. L. Roger Paulding, Apprentice Seaman. Phila.: Penn Pub Co. $1.20 net.

Bizet's Carmen. (Famous Operas.) Edited by W. J. Henderson. Dodd, Mead. 50 cents net.

Book of Love. Arranged by Jennie Day Haines. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co.

Boyd, William. The Educational Theory of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Longmans.

Brent, C. H. The Sixth Sense. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

Brewster, Elizabeth. When, and Other Poems. Boston: Badger.

Brode, H. British and German East Africa. Longmans.

Brown, K. H. Uncertain Irene. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Burgess, Gelett. Find the Woman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Busy Bees. Stories and Verses, illustrated. London: Raphael Tuck.

Byron, May. Christmas Bells. Doran.

Cadman, S. P. Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers, with Reference to Their Religious and Ethical Value. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Callaghan, Stella. The Little Green Gate. Putnam.

Chaplin, Stewart. Suspension of the Power of Alienation, under the Laws of New York. Second edition. Baker, Voorhis & Co.

Chefs-d'œuvre de la Littérature Française. Amyot's Deux Vies Parallèles, Balzac's Le Père Goriot, La Chanson de Roland, Rabelais's Œuvres; Voltaire's Philosophie. Putnam.

Chisholm, A. S. M. The Independence of Chile. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.

Clarke, H. A. The Poets' New England. Baker & Taylor.

Coe, F. E. Heroes of Everyday Life: A Reader for Upper Grades. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.

Colville, Fulton. The Black Mantle: A Novel. Cosmopolitan Press.

Coussens, P. W. One Thousand Books for Children. Chicago: McClurg.

Craig-Wentworth, Marion. The Flower Shop: A Play in Three Acts. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Curtis, A. T. Grandpa's Little Girls and Miss Abitha. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Curtis, A. T. Marjorie's Schooldays. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Daniels, H. K. Home Life in Norway. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

De Morgan, William. A Likely Story. Holt. $1.35 net.

Dickens's The Chimes. Illustrated. Putnam.

Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney: Johnsonian Passages from the Works of Mme. D'Arblay. Introduction and notes by C. B. Tinker. Moffat, Yard. $2 net.

Dole, N. H. The Life of Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Crowell. $2 net.

Douglas, L. M. The Bacillus of Long Life. Putnam.

Earl, J. P. The School Team on the Diamond. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Emerson's Journals, 1838-1841, 1841-1844. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net, each.

Fahlbeck, P. E. Die Regierungsform Schwedens. Berlin: Puttkammer & Mühlbrecht.

Fairless, Michael. The Roadmender. Illus. by E. W. Waite. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Farnol, Jeffery. The Money Moon: A Romance. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

Forster, John. The Life of Charles Dickens. 2 vols. Baker & Taylor. $7 net.

Fraser, Lovat. India Under Curzon and After. Holt. $4 net.

Gentile, G. Bernardino Telesio. Bari: Gius, Laterza & Figli.

George, W. L. A Bed of Roses. Third edition. Brentano.

Gould, E. L. Felicia's Folks; The Admiral's Little Secretary. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Graham, Stephen. Undiscovered Russia. Lane. $4 net.

Granger, Grace. The Light of the Gods. Cosmopolitan Press.

Griffith, H. S. Letty's New Home. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Griffith, H. S. Rosemary for Remembrance. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. $1.20 net.

Hapgood, George. Home Games. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Hare, T. T. A Graduate Coach. Phila: Penn Pub. Co.

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